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THE NEW

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WE doubt whether the influential deputation of the London Labour Party and East London M.P.s and Mayors which waited upon the Home Secretary last Tuesday had fully thought out the problems raised by the Fascist invasion of the East End. Two subjects were discussed—the banning of political uniforms and the powers of the Home Secretary to restrict political demonstrations. There are technical difficulties about banning uniforms. But the awkward questions of definition and method have been surmounted in Scandinavian countries and can and must be overcome here. On the second problem of regulating demonstrations the deputation seems not to have been adequately briefed. "Barrister" discusses some of the problems in our columns this week. Briefly, the point is that the Home Secretary already has fully adequate powers, and not infrequently uses them against the "Left." He already has the power to check Fascist provocation in the East End if he will use it. To confer on him further powers of restricting processions or meetings, to enable him, for instance, as has been suggested, the right to schedule off areas against all political demonstrations would be to invite a reactionary Government to make impossible any genuine expression of public opinion in any industrial area whenever it thinks fit. The suggestion is highly dangerous and completely unnecessary.

The Advance on Madrid

The insurgent forces have closed in rapidly on Madrid. The main offensive is from the south and the west; the Guadarrama front to the north is held; on the east the Government still have an open line of communication by road to the Mediterranean ports. This is vulnerable from the air, if the rebels wish to cut off food supplies. Supplies of arms and ammunition which might be transported by it are not there to transport—and even if Russia were prepared to provide them, it is now too late. The reports tell of thousands of volunteers being rushed up to the front—mostly without rifles, but expecting to get them, presumably, from the hands of their dead and wounded comrades in the trenches. How long these trenches, dug hastily by amateurs, can hold out against the bombs and shells and tanks with which General Franco is well supplied, we do not know. Meanwhile alarm is felt for the fate of the thousands of men and women who are imprisoned in Madrid. Mr. Eden has issued an appeal to both sides on behalf of these unfortunates in the capital and elsewhere, and offers the services of the British Navy in the work of removing exchanged hostages to a place of safety. Everyone will be glad to see the Navy

used in such a humanitarian task. But it is a lamentable thing—and it is the fault of the British and French Governments themselves—that the need for it has arisen. If the Spanish Republic had not been prevented from getting arms to defend itself, the war might have been over long ago.

Locarno and All That

The speech of the King of the Belgians last week has still further bewildered European politics. What exactly Belgium means to do or not to do is not yet clear; but the anxiety in France is acute, and German hopes have correspondingly risen. There is no present prospect of agreement among the Western Powers on a "new Locarno" in face of Hitler's conditions. What he demands is, in effect, the abrogation of the Franco-Soviet pact and of the French alliances with the Little Entente States and Poland, and "neutrality" on the part of Great Britain in any German aggression eastwards or southwards. Meanwhile, the two Fascist dictators are drawing closer—or, at any rate, talking closer, for neither of them fully trusts the other, and each has his own interests to serve. They are united on certain broad aims, such as the weakening or destruction of democracy, of the League of Nations and collective security. But there are points of difference, political and economic, which cannot be treated as unimportant. Hitler's attitude to the Catholic Church and the Jews is very far from Mussolini's. Nor is it certain that Italy wants to be committed to the fanatical anti-Sovietism of Germany; she has long been on good terms with Russia and finds her valuable as a source of cheap raw materials. There are conflicts of ambition and policy, too, in the Balkans. And, last but not least, there is Austria.

General Election in Norway

The Norwegian Labour Party, though its poll increased by about 100,000, has failed to win its hoped for absolute majority in the General Election. It seems, in fact, to have gained only a single seat, whereas the Conservatives, whose total poll has risen by only 20,000, gained six. The losses were incurred chiefly by the Farmers' Party; and the Norwegian Fascists again failed to make any impression on the electorate. The results mean that Labour, as by a long way the largest party, will remain in office, but will continue to depend on some measure of support from Left Liberals and Farmers' representatives. The election thus reaffirms the general tendency in Scandinavia for Labour to govern without an absolute majority, with the aid of the more radical sections of the capitalist and agrarian parties. The experience of both Sweden and Denmark has shown that this sort of Government can achieve a considerable measure of success in diminishing unemployment and making the capitalist system work more smoothly and more to the advantage of the poorer section of the people. In Norway, this situation did not exist until quite lately, because of the pronounced "Leftism" of Norwegian Labour. But now, under pressure of world events, Labour in Norway has joined the moderates and toed the line.

Dr. Schacht and General Göring

General Göring appears to be a sort of "joker" in the Nazi pack of cards. Whenever Dr. Schacht trumps one of the Nazi aces, General Göring is brought in to take the trick. The last occasion was when he was given final control over the rationing of foreign exchange for the purchase of imports; and now he has been made arbiter of questions relating to the "Nuremberg Plan" of German economic self-sufficiency. This is undoubtedly yet another setback for Dr. Schacht and the German industrialists, and another score for the Nazis who favour economic nationalism, not merely as a temporary expedient but also as an ultimate objective of German policy. On the face of the matter, the new powers conferred on General Göring mean that Germany will press on with her plans for making herself self-sufficient in oil from coal, synthetic rubber, and other *Ersatz* substances designed to render her immune from blockade. But it must not be supposed that General Göring has any particular love for economic nationalism. For the moment it suits his book; but he is quite capable at a later stage of turning round and taking Dr. Schacht's side against Herr Darré and the ideologues of National Socialism. All that his new appointment means is that, for the time being, Dr. Schacht is not to be given his way, and that the German economic and currency systems are to be kept isolated, because this makes it easier to twist them to the service of the feverish military preparation now being made.

After Edinburgh

One of the most important features of this year's Labour Party Conference at Edinburgh was the strong feeling evinced by local Labour Parties, and indeed by a large section of the rank and file of the Conference, against the domination of the platform and the Trade Union block vote. Dr. Dalton, who was elected Chairman of the National Executive for the ensuing year, has resigned his position as Reader in Economics in the University of London, in order to have full time for the job of keeping in closer contact with local Parties and smoothing out, as far as possible, unnecessary differences. He discusses some of the problems involved in a valuable article which we publish this week. On one important point of difference his article seems rather to confuse than clarify the issue. The Conference was deeply divided about armaments and about Spain. Dr. Dalton says that to demand a repudiation of the policy of "non-intervention" is inconsistent with an opposition to rearmament and recruiting. This is surely to mistake the situation. Obviously, if the Government is willing to adopt an interventionist policy it must have all the arms it needs in collaboration with France and Russia to make such a policy effective. But since it is clear that the Government will do nothing of the sort, an Opposition which desires that policy has no reason on this count to support rearmament for some other policy, so far undefined.

Labour and the Electors

It was not expected that the Labour Party would win back Erdington; but this week's voting shows an ominous stability in the relative strength of the opposing forces. As compared with 1935, the Government vote has fallen by less than 700. The Labour vote has risen by 3,000, in the absence of an Independent, who polled last year just over 2,000 votes. It may be argued that, although by-elections tend to favour the Opposition, on this occasion Councillor Simmons's extreme pacifism weighed heavily in the other scale. But, on the whole, it seems more

probable that any recognised Opposition candidate would have received much the same vote. The next test will be at Preston, one of those awkward double-barrelled constituencies in which results are exceptionally difficult to predict. Labour has in this case an adverse majority of 5,000 to wipe out; and it will be interesting to see whether Lancashire, which was very unkind to the Labour candidates last year, shows any sign of a change of heart. Before Preston chooses its new member, the municipal elections will be over. Labour in the municipalities is defending a fair number of seats gained in 1933, and further spectacular gains are unlikely. But gains should be made; for Labour's strength in local government seems just now to be advancing faster than its power nationally.

How Britannia Rules the Waves

The British Government now has yet another achievement to add to its record of obstruction at I.L.O. Conferences. At the Maritime Conference in Geneva this week the workers' representatives have been struggling for a convention to fix hours of labour for seamen, and to determine the minimum tonnage of vessels to which the provisions of the convention should apply. Last year the workers' delegations unanimously decided to demand a 48-hour week and a minimum tonnage of 400. In spite of strong pressure from France, the Soviet Union and the United States, where there is already a 48-hour week on board, it was soon realised that agreement on such a drastic programme could not be reached. The workers' delegates, therefore, eventually accepted as a compromise the Swedish Government's proposal for a 56-hour week and a minimum tonnage of 2,000. This was supported by most of the Government delegates present and by a few of the employers. The British, Japanese and Indian Governments voted in the minority with the other employers' representatives, and if the British Government persists in this attitude the convention will not be passed. Why should Britannia want to rule the waves in the interest of reactionary shipowners?

The Hunger Marchers

Sir Samuel Hoare has condemned hunger marches as "callous attempts to exploit suffering for political ends" and claimed that they have been "instigated by Communists." Both these statements are far from the truth. Many of the marchers will be better fed on the road than they would be in their own homes. The Jarrow march is supported by all political parties in the town. At the outset the Bishop of Jarrow gave it his blessing, though he afterwards was at pains to explain away this simple Christian action. The South Wales march was officially arranged by the Miners' Federation. No one who has visited South Wales during the past few weeks can doubt that this method of protest commands the overwhelming support of the mass of the population. All the marchers have, of course, received Communist support, and where the Labour parties have failed to take the initiative the Communists have started demonstrations of their own. In other words, the Communists only secure the limelight where the official Labour leaders hang back. The Archdeacon of Newcastle, in an outspoken letter to the *Times* on Tuesday, said that the Jarrow march "is the clear expression of a community's deep sense of frustration and despair," and that it "ought to inform those who live in happier areas that, while there has been much talking and some window-dressing on the part of the Government, little has been done to share or to remove the burden."

Juvenile Employment

A report just issued on *Juvenile Unemployment in South Wales* (G. Mearn, University of Wales Press, 6*s*.) shows that the problem is much graver than had been supposed. Of the 14,357 boys and girls covered by the inquiry, who were eligible to leave school at the end of July, 1934, as many as 6,402 (or 44.6 per cent.) elected to remain at school until they could get work. Of the 7,955 children who left school, 29 per cent. immediately found employment locally and 5.2 per cent. elsewhere, while 37 per cent. became unemployed. A similar inquiry undertaken four months later showed that the extent of unemployment still remained very serious. Even the position of those who find a job is far from satisfactory. In South Wales coal-mining and the distributive trades provide the main prospect of employment for those leaving school. Such occupations are for the most part blind-alley and "non-progressive"; more than 90 per cent. of those finding employment in the distributive trades become errand boys, van boys and messenger boys. Young persons are tending more and more to drift into jobs which offer no prospect for the future and where the hours of work are monstrously long. Since 1923 the number of insured juveniles in the trades has almost doubled, and in South Wales 69 per cent. of the errand boys work between 54 and 66 hours per week.

Prison Populations

The prison statistics collected by the Howard League, and recently submitted to the League of Nations, are worth studying. They are not complete. It is not, for instance, clear in the cases of countries like Italy, Rumania, and Jugoslavia whether they include persons in concentration camps or preventive detention, and no figures at all are given for a number of countries, including the U.S.S.R., Turkey, Portugal, China and Mexico. Official arrangements have now been made for a fuller report to next year's Assembly. But the present figures are instructive. The smallest prison populations are in the democratic States. The Irish Free State figure is only 19 per 100,000. (Is it particularly easy to keep out of prison in Ireland, or is there a dearth of crime?) Among the other countries with less than 60 per 100,000 are England, Scotland, France, Holland and the Scandinavian countries. In contrast is Finland with 231. The German, Austrian and Polish figures do not include people in concentration camps or preventive detention; yet their respective figures are 156, 104 and 150 per 100,000. The worst shock comes when we look at the figures for the British Empire. Sierra Leone (what, one wonders, is happening there?) has the gigantic and disgraceful figure of 383, and the North-West Frontier of India 296. One can judge the effects of native policy by the figure of 232 for South Africa and 234 for Rhodesia. Switzerland, now suffering from a wave of repression, is the only democratic State that comes out badly with a prison figure of 164 per 100,000.

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THE DRIFT IN EUROPE

THE announcement made by the Belgian King that his country desires to resume her neutrality in the European scheme is an event of the first importance. If this policy is to be carried out in all its implications, it means a perceptible alteration in the balance of forces; it is a symptom of the drift of opinion in a country which cultivates its powers of observation more sedulously than its will to act. We see here no ground for indignation. It is not a brusque withdrawal from her obligations to France and the League that Belgium proposes. She has chosen, as she had every right to do, a moment when both the Locarno Pact and the League Covenant are under revision, to suggest a change in her own status. She will cease, if we grasp King Leopold's meaning, to rank as the military ally of France. She will be, like Switzerland, at once in the League and outside it. Her territory will not be at its disposal for troop movements, should it ever resort to military sanctions, nor will Belgium participate in anything of that kind—and Switzerland, one recollects, drew back even from certain economic sanctions. Further, if France were to become involved in military action under her Pact with the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia, again Belgium would stand aside neutral and indifferent. It is a self-regarding attitude: Belgium plays for safety, expects aid from her neighbours to maintain her neutrality, yet contracts out of the debts that all Europeans owe to the international community. For that it would be hypocritical to reproach her. How much of this debt did our great country honour, or France, in the days of the Hoares and the Lavals?

When we ask how this state of mind grew up, one element in it is easy to diagnose. Belgians have lost faith in the League, and have drawn the inevitable conclusion from the Manchurian and Abyssinian affairs. But there is more in this Belgian move. In the first place, from its observation post between the French and German frontiers, that prudent nation has listened to Hitler's diatribes about the Franco-Soviet Pact. She senses danger; she hears the hum of General Göring's war-planes; her response is to cut adrift from France. In the second place, this movement away from France has a positively pro-German character. The Rexists are Fascists who feel their spiritual kinship with the Nazis. The Flemings are now at last far enough from the events of 1914 to feel the call of the blood. The racial propaganda from Berlin has reached them; they are Teutons, if not precisely Germans, and their long struggle against Walloon ascendancy has turned them against the French connection. Add to this a general cooling towards France in the Belgian Catholic Right since the pact with Russia was concluded and the Front Populaire came into power, and the situation becomes intelligible. Nazi tactics look to us rough and crude. No one capitulated instantly when Hitler made his threatening speech against Russia at Nuremberg. No one even among the Flemings rallied instantly to the Reich when the recent propaganda first began. None the less, in the long run, both tactics work, and they work together. The mass of the nation is intimidated by the threat of coming war. A pro-German, or pro-Fascist, or anti-Russian faction, then uses this mood of terror to bring about the retirement of Belgium to what looks like the relative safety of neutrality.

The Belgian case is interesting because it is easy to analyse, and has more or less reached a conclusion. But our belief is that a somewhat parallel movement of opinion is going on both in our own country and in France. Again the dual tactic works. The same dread of war demoralises the pacific masses, both British and French. Then comes from several quarters at once, some of them positively pro-German, some of them mildly Fascist in sympathy, the suggestion that peace can be bought readily enough by a rightward turn. The Tory listens in England because he is shy of People's Fronts and stay-in-strikes. He listens still more eagerly because he is hostile to the Soviet Union and all it stands for. He allows himself to believe that Moscow is at the bottom of all the trouble in Spain, though he ought to know (1) that Stalin stands for a self-regarding policy of nationalist concentration, and (2) that the numbers of the Communists in the Spanish Labour movement are negligible. But here, as clearly as in the Belgian case, the dual tactic works. The fear of war accounts, as in the Abyssinian affair, for a complete renunciation of action. And again the average man persuades himself that he can buy peace by abandoning Spain to the clerico-Fascist reaction. We have no Rexists and no Flemings, but the sapping and mining from within is managed by persons who range from Lord Londonderry through Mr. Garvin to Mr. Lloyd George.

The picture of the European map that emerges from this process is already alarming. A few months ago France had on the north an allied Belgium and on the south a friendly Spain. To-day she stands isolated. Belgium proposes neutrality; half of Spain is won for Fascism, and the rest may go. Between her frontiers and those of her Czech and Russian allies rises the Siegfried line in the Rhineland, which may be strong enough to contain any effort she could make to succour her friends in the east. At home she faces a division that reproduces, though without the racial complication, the Belgian case. She too has her Fascists, her alarmed parties of property and her ultra-Catholic Right. Here, too, the easy path of momentary safety is to-day to abandon Spain to her fate. But to-morrow, with every sentiment of solidarity broken, the next step will be to abandon the Soviet Pact. It is remarkable that even a Government of the Left has not ventured to translate it yet into concrete terms, by entering on the usual military conversations.

The tendency, in short, is everywhere to isolation. Not only is the League allowed to fade into an inglorious memory; nothing takes its place, neither firm alliances of the old type, nor yet a bond of solidarity resting on political sympathy. Each of us retires behind our frontiers, and even there we face acute internal divisions. Amid this paralysis the Fascist offensive marches from audacity to audacity. Solidarity is no part of its nationalist creed, and yet it is the Fascist Powers that, in fact, display this virtue. Nor is it only in Spain that this armed doctrine wins ground. Greece has just joined the Fascist ring, and we barely noticed the change; Rumania balances precariously, but leans to the Fascist side.

This tendency can have only one end. We do not profess to know exactly where Hitler will next strike, whether against the Czechs or elsewhere. We are not sure where Italy will seek compensation—probably at the expense of the British Empire in the East. Eventually

the great Nazi effort will be made at Russia's expense. Every move in the contemporary game is a preparation for that supreme adventure. By isolating France and intimidating us all, Germany is working towards her central objective—a free hand for conquest in the East. That war will happen—can only happen—when the last defences of collective security are broken down. How much of them, in the light of Belgium's action, remain in being? Against this situation rearmament—above all, rearmament in isolation—is no safeguard; on the contrary, it leads straight to a war which will be, when it comes, so shattering that it will matter little who wins and who loses. The problem is first of all political. Until there is the will to stand together, until we evolve on our side some unity of command, and some common plan of action, arms are a waste of resources and a counsel of despair.

MORE THOUGHTS ON EDINBURGH

DARK over the Labour Party Conference at Edinburgh lay the Spanish shadow. Repeated discussions on Spain, both in the Conference itself and in long Executive meetings and other gatherings behind the scenes, the runnings to and fro between Edinburgh and London, the moving speeches of the Spanish fraternal delegates, which left few of us dry-eyed, these events dragged our hearts and minds away from other subjects and destroyed a carefully planned time-table. In particular, and most unfortunately, they prevented the discussion of two important questions—various proposals for changes in the Party constitution, and the proposal for a short electoral programme. Technically, therefore, for reasons outside the control of any of us, it was not a good Conference.

On Spain I shall say here only this. It is not sense to call in one breath for the denunciation of the "non-intervention agreement," and for the supply of British arms to Spain—a course which, right or wrong, would unquestionably, if adopted, increase the immediate risk of a general European war—and in the next breath to oppose British rearmament and to crab recruiting. Whatever else may be defensible, this blend of sentiments is not.

A like confusion runs through the thought of some sections of our Party at the present time on broader international questions. To work our way out of that confusion, as soon as possible, is very necessary and I hope that the National Council of Labour will help us to do so, by making an early study of the whole problem.

Mr. Cole, in his interesting article last week, said that our resolution at Edinburgh on armaments and collective security was "intentionally ambiguous." Maybe there was an excess of *esprit de conciliation* in the drafting Committee; drafting committees often show that amiable weakness. Maybe a more uncompromising draft, even though it had openly divided the Executive in Conference, would have been better. But I felt able, in moving that resolution, to make an unambiguous speech, and I noted that no subsequent speaker directly challenged either my statements of fact regarding German rearmament, or my statement of opinion that a Labour Government, coming into power to-morrow and faced, as it would be, with the present world situation, would be compelled, pending an international agreement to reduce and limit armaments, to increase our own.

On the comparatively minor, though important, question of how the Labour Party in Parliament should vote on next year's Service estimates, I deliberately said nothing. And some others, perhaps, said a little too much. If we are agreed on the facts, and on what a Labour Government would do about them, and if we remember that the plain man pays more heed to votes in Parliament than to statements explaining them away, I think that the decision, when the time comes, should not be difficult.

Mr. Cole is still in favour of a "Popular Front." This proposal was turned down flat at Edinburgh, a large majority of the Constituency Party representatives, as well as practically all the Trade Unions, voting against it. I have examined the proposal in detail in the current number of the *Political Quarterly* and do not wish to repeat that examination here. But, in view of Mr. Cole's electoral defeatism, which I both deplore and dispute, I repeat the simple fact that, as between the Government and the Labour Party, a turnover of 1,750,000 votes, or less than 15 per cent. of the total Government vote at the last General Election, would put Labour in front and probably return a clear Labour majority to Westminster. After some further study of the statistics my conclusion is that a clear majority in Parliament, without electoral alliances with other parties, which for French Socialists was impossible, for British Socialists is possible, though I do not underestimate the magnitude and difficulty of the task, and the qualities of clarity, courage and shrewdness, which our Party must consistently show in order to achieve it.

I freely concede to Mr. Cole that we should not win this majority to-day. There is much work to do in removing confusions, both in our own ranks and in the minds of the electors, and in cultivating the qualities I have named. But no alliance either with Liberals or with Communists will help us to do that. Quite the contrary. On a short view, taking the country as a whole and looking only to the next election, the more Liberal candidates and three-cornered fights, the better the chances of a Labour victory. But it would be a far more solid triumph to win our majority in straight fights.

Let those in our Party who are in defeatist mood to-day remember that political tides often turn quickly and run fast. When early in the life of the last Parliament John Wilmot won East Fulham, though his outstanding personal qualities swelled his majority, he proved that a tide was running which, had a General Election come soon after, might easily have carried us to victory. Later, for reasons which we all know, the tide ebbed, and by last autumn, when the General Election came, was only running very moderately. But, if we pull ourselves together now, that tide may soon be flowing again.

Mr. Cole writes with more discrimination than some of our critics on the alleged "Trade Union domination" of the Labour Party. The alternative charge, often made by our opponents, is that the Party is run by the "intellectuals"—hateful word! Mr. Baldwin not long ago even cited Mr. Cole himself as a triumvir, along with Professor Laski and Sir Stafford Cripps! Neither charge is true. I can testify from personal knowledge that there is no clear line of division of opinion between Trade Union leaders on the one hand and other members of our Executive Committees on the other. Nor is there any such line within the Parliamentary Party. Most of the talk based on these pseudo-class-distinctions within our movement is boring, snobbish and unreal. But I would sooner go political tiger-hunting with most Trade Unionists than with some members of our Party who have been more expensively educated.

The fact that the Trades Union Congress meets only a few weeks before the Labour Party Conference, and sometimes passes resolutions on international affairs which are afterwards reaffirmed by the Conference, has caused some comment. But it should be known that such resolutions—on Italy and Abyssinia last year and on Spain this year—were drafted only after consultation between the General Council of the T.U.C., the National Executive of the Labour Party and the Executive of the Parliamentary Party. And in each case consultation resulted in an overwhelming majority in each of these three bodies for the policy adopted. The National Council of Labour, moreover, whose function is to co-ordinate the work of the three bodies, which are all represented upon it, meets frequently throughout the year. None the less, it is one of the arguments in favour of changing the date of the Labour

Party Conference to Whitsuntide that it would help to remove this source of misunderstanding. The National Executive would have proposed this change at Edinburgh, had not Spain taken the time. Now we must wait to make the change, at least for one more year.

Another question unavoidably postponed for the same reason was that of the status of the Constituency Labour Parties. On behalf of the Executive I gave an undertaking that we would give further consideration to this question during the coming year and consult with some of the parties interested. Mr. Cole, like many others, speaks of the " block vote " of the Trade Unions as a means whereby the latter " dominate " the Conference. It is widely believed that the Constituency Parties are powerless against this block vote, that frequently they take one view and the Trade Unions another, and that in such cases the latter, generally in support of the Executive, vote them down. There are also complaints about the use of the block vote in the election of the Executive.

A few facts, not, I think, generally known, may assist this discussion. It is one of the most hopeful signs of the progress of the Labour Party that the total individual membership, in Constituency Parties, has been increasing very rapidly, both absolutely and relatively to that of other sections. It has grown uninterruptedly from 215,000 in 1928 to 419,000 in 1935, and is still growing fast. This compares with a total affiliated Trade Union membership, " contracted in," of 1,913,000 in 1935. Seven years ago the proportion of individual to affiliated membership was roughly one to nine. Last year it was more than one to five. There is, as Mr. Cole points out, much wider scope for the future growth of individual than of affiliated Trade Union membership. In Sweden, out of a population of six millions, there are 350,000 individual members of the Socialist Party. The same proportion here would give us more than two and a half million individual members, substantially more than the present affiliated Trade Union membership. Moreover, the voting power to which Constituency Parties are entitled in the Conference is much larger, in proportion to their membership, than that of the Trade Unions. Constituency Parties and Trade Unions are alike entitled, as are Co-operative and Socialist Societies, to a thousand votes at the Conference for every thousand members *or part thereof*. Every Borough Labour Party in a Divided Borough and every County Federation of Labour Parties is entitled to a thousand votes in addition. Since Constituency Parties are more than seven times as numerous as Trade Unions, they command many more " parts thereof," each counting as a thousand. And each Constituency Party, however small its membership, is entitled to a thousand votes. Had all Constituency Parties, Borough Parties and County Federations been represented at Edinburgh, they would have wielded, between them, more than 750,000 votes, i.e., more than a third and approaching a half of the total vote wielded by the Trade Unions, which was 1,986,000. In fact, however, only 290 parties and only seven County Federations turned up, wielding a total vote of only 421,000, little more than half the total vote belonging to this section of the Conference.

It is most desirable, on every ground, that there should be a fuller representation of the Constituency Parties at the Conference. This, combined with a substantial increase in individual membership, would go a long way towards altering the balance of forces.

But what is the real balance of forces? It is simply not the case that, on important issues, the bulk of the Constituency Parties usually vote one way, and the bulk of the Trade Unions the other. After the Southport Conference in 1934, I wrote a letter to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION showing that, on all the chief amendments moved by the Socialist League and their allies to the Executive's statement *For Socialism and Peace*, there was a majority of the Constituency Party delegates in support of the Executive, while some of the big Trade Union block votes were several times thrown against the Executive. Take again the vote at Edinburgh on Communist affiliation. The minority was 592,000. This included the biggest block vote in the Conference, that of the Miners, counting 400,000, as well as a number of the smaller Trade Union votes and the Socialist League's block vote of 3,000. At the outside not more than 150,000 Constituency Party votes were in the minority. Since practically the whole Conference voted, there must have been, at the lowest, more than 250,000 Constituency Party votes in the majority.

But more important than any of these questions of machinery is the spirit of the Party and its programme of action. Had this item not been crowded out by Spain, the Executive at Edinburgh were prepared to accept a resolution which would have been moved by the Railway Clerks' Association, in favour of " a short programme of measures of socialisation and amelioration," on which to concentrate our domestic propaganda. The practical problem here is what to omit. Also to make sure that all which is retained is prepared in sufficient detail for speedy execution. A large part of this preparatory work was accomplished between 1931 and 1935. And more has been done since the election. One of the curses of " MacDonaldism " before 1929, was an utter lack of preparation on the home front. Nothing but empty phrases! That shall not happen again. HUGH DALTON

[*Reference is made to Dr. Dalton's Article in our Comments this week.*]

A LONDON DIARY

I HAVE this week talked to several people who live in the East End and have intimate knowledge of recent events. They agree that Mosley's march was deliberate provocation; it was to go through almost wholly Jewish streets where Fascism could win no adherents. " We've gotta get rid of the Yids " was the mildest and most printable of the insults flung. I am told that the average worker is simply shocked, particularly by the number of windows broken (largely by gangs of toughs who follow trouble) and that, so far, neither Fascists nor Communists have any considerable number of firm adherents in the East End, though Mosley is rapidly making converts for Communism and mobilising some anti-Semitism to his side. Dr. Harry Roberts, who knows the East End as only a popular doctor who has worked there for many years can know it, tells me that most of the victims of the riot who have come to his surgery have been silly youths of from fifteen to eighteen years of age who have been induced to shout with the Fascists. They have no political opinions, but are merely budding Jew-baiters. On the other side, he quotes a woman whom he heard say to her child: " Stop your grizzling or I'll give you to the Blackshirts!"

* * *

One thing is clear. Political uniforms will multiply if they are not abolished. I already hear talk of all sorts of organisations, " defence corps " and the like with their appropriate uniforms. People look quite different in uniform, and the toughest thug is disguised by being part of a military procession. People who saw the Mosley march in Manchester when uniforms were banned, tell me that the effect was to remove all the impressiveness and reveal to everyone the type of rough who, in fact, mainly marches in the Mosley ranks. But if Mosley is allowed his uniform we shall soon have the pre-Hitler situation; rival armies of police, Communists, Blackshirts, Labour Defence Corps (Reichsbanner in Germany) and daily fights in the streets. Nobody, I should think, would welcome this except Fascists and gangsters, both of whom would thrive. The only advantage of adding to political uniforms would be that the Government would then be forced to suppress them. I have been thinking over a NEW STATESMAN AND NATION uniform, pink, I suppose, but certainly not rose-coloured, with stripes and perhaps a natty crepe finish.

* * *

Mosley's retreat from the East End was, I find, signalised in the good old-fashioned way by a broadsheet, written as broadsheets used to be written, to reflect the broad democratic

sentiment of the time, by someone who obviously has no particular political doctrine, and not too much mastery of grammar, rhyme or metre. It is printed on a postcard, headed "In Loving Memory of the Downfall of Fascism" Under the heading is a drawing of a hearse and the following lines:

Boldly to the fray the Fascists went,
On honour, fame and victory bent,
But with sad hearts they came away
For the other side had won the day.
Their opponents were far too good,
In fact, they stood like logs of wood.
Where they have gone and how they fared
Nobody knows, nobody cares.

* * *

In a profit-making society the communal test of morality is the way in which money is spent, not the way in which it is made. Abstinence and thrift are the virtues to be inculcated among the poor. The exercise of Christian charity on a scale likely to attract widespread attention is the prerogative of the rich. The successful business man who builds hospitals to provide for the overtaxed nerves and bodies of his workpeople, like the famous Birmingham manufacturer of Indian idols who salved his conscience by lavish contributions to missionary societies, must therefore be hailed immediately as a public benefactor. The process whereby profits are accumulated is conveniently cloaked in obscurity; the disposal of these profits for charitable purposes receives the full meed of popular approval. This seems to be the only explanation for the excessive enthusiasm with which even the *Daily Herald* has greeted the announcement of Lord Nuffield's £1,350,000 gift to the University of Oxford. No one can find cause for complaint in the purposes for which the money is to be spent. Everyone will be glad that medical research is to receive such an unexpected stimulus. Yet was it necessary for the *Daily Herald*, which incidentally in the same week carried three spacious advertisements of Morris cars, to forget in its enthusiasm for the cause of science the most elementary principles in the social creed which it claims to preach? Lord Nuffield champions the rights of property with all the fervour of a self-made man. Of all British employers he is among the bitterest and most intransigent opponent of Trade Unionism. Workers in Oxford have for years been forced to regard him as a determined enemy of their claims. Yet, for the price of £1,350,000, apparently all this must be forgotten.

* * *

The controversy over *Walls Have Mouths* has once again shown that you can't raise the subject of prisons without being confronted with two opposite kinds of silliness. There is the silliness which talks about "coddling" prisoners, which thinks they must be terrorised by flogging and that if you give them types of work that are compatible with self-respect, cook their food properly or allow them to play games and listen to concerts, you are taking away the deterrent value of prison. Experience naturally shows that it is only by combining discipline with varied interests that you can avoid violence in jail, preserve the prisoners' sanity and make them fit for human society when they come out. A good test is the prevalence of "smashing-up"; in bad prisons it is a common occurrence for a prisoner to lose control, go wild and break everything in the cell, even though he knows that the penalty is a bread-and-water diet and solitary confinement. Inquiry at one of our best administered prisons the other day showed that this "smashing-up" has almost completely ceased there. On the other side there is the equal silliness of people who attack the Home Office and the Prison Commissioners, the Governors and the Warders as if they were all sadists. Actually the improvement in English prison administration during the last generation has been enormous, and the conditions that Mr. Macartney described in the early part of his period in Parkhurst are not, I think, typical, and existed largely as a result of an unsatisfactory Governor. He describes the improvement when Captain Clayton became Governor. An investigation of English prisons to-day would show a great variety; in some, out-of-date methods, shocking buildings, graft, bad food and all the rest of it, and in others, an enlightened experimentalism that compares favourably with that in any other country.

* * *

The attitude of the Home Office and the Prison Commissioners has changed out of all recognition. Some years ago under a different Chairman of the Commission, a friend of mine, one of the best known of English prison experts, was agitating about an age-long grievance of prisoners. They suffer continued misery from the fact that there is only one period a day when they can visit a lavatory. My friend was asking for a second evening period when they might get out of their cells. The reply of a very high but happily departed official was: "Madam, we have with great difficulty arranged that *every* prisoner should have access to a lavatory every day. If we made the concession you suggest every scoundrel in the prison would avail himself of it!" Blimpism of this superb variety is not, I think, now to be found in the higher ranks of our prison administration. But this does not mean that there is not plenty more to do. We shall only get sane methods generally applied by constant supervision of all prisons and constant agitation about the bad prisons.

* * *

Mr. Duff Cooper assails the Bishop of Birmingham for advocating the handing over of the Crown Colonies to the League of Nations, and for advising young men to think carefully before joining in any form of preparation for war. Are there not plenty of religious subjects for Bishops to talk about, he asks, without meddling in politics? Mr. Duff Cooper's dislike of the idea that any man should think for himself, instead of letting the War Office do it for him, is natural. But what *is* a spiritual problem, if peace is not? Mr. Duff Cooper's comments on Bertrand Russell's new book *Which Way to Peace* would be worth hearing. It's a remarkable book which I shall review in this paper next week.

* * *

Could anything be more marvellously apt to the present situation than this quotation from Lord Palmerston at the age of about 23? It is taken from Lord Dalling's memoirs of Palmerston:

> It is a singular circumstance in Buonaparte's political conduct that, so far from concealing his designs, he purposely publishes even the most violent of his projected innovations some time before they are put in execution: and the consequence has uniformly been that, instead of being alarmed and prepared to resist, the world has, by anticipating conquests and changes, become by degrees reconciled to them, and submitted almost without a murmur to the mandates of the tyrant.

CRITIC

THE SALT OF THE EARTH

EDUCATION is a disconcerting affair. We all know it in theory to be a very fine thing. To have some acquaintance with the past of our species, some knowledge of the constitution and behaviour of the physical world; to understand the ramifications of the industrial and economic systems; to discern something of the forces which are at work beneath the play of contemporary events; to know and to appreciate what great men have thought and said memorably about life—these things, we hold, are essential for those who are to rise to the full stature of humanity. Lacking them, a man cannot enter fully into the heritage of his race; lacking them, he cannot realise all he has it in him to be. Yet, in practice, nine out of ten of those who have had the advantage of the most elaborate education at public school and university that we have to offer, drop it like a hot brick directly the last of their examinations is behind them, while the effect of educating people as a whole, so far from leading to an improvement of public taste, has been to engender an output of literary hogwash, whose trivial vulgarity would have disgusted every age except the one in which it is taken for granted.

The results of education afford indeed, or seem to, an ironical commentary upon the futility of human effort. For centuries men fought that there might be freedom of thought, freedom of expression, freedom of reading; and that these goods might be enjoyed by all, they fought also for popular education in the teeth of every reactionary force in the country, from landlord to clergyman and from employer to university don. Through obloquy, through persecution and even imprisonment they persisted. At last their efforts were crowned with success; at long last everybody was able to read, and the result is the *Daily* ——! As for the high hopes of the early democrats—listen, for example, to John Stuart Mill on his father:

> So complete was my father's reliance on the influence of reason over the minds of mankind, whenever it is allowed to reach them, that he felt as if all would be gained if the whole population were taught to read, if all sorts of opinions were allowed to be addressed to them by word and in writing, and if by means of the suffrage they could nominate a legislature to give effect to the opinions they adopted.

—sixty years ago, when only one man in four could read, it paid the papers to print verbatim reports of parliamentary debates. To-day, when James Mill's hopes have been largely realised, it is often impossible to tell from a perusal of a popular paper whether Parliament is sitting or not.

Education, in fact, has not fulfilled its high promise; or so one is tempted to think, until one takes the trouble to find out what it means in the lives of those who care for it so much that they are willing to fight to get it, who perhaps care for it so much because they *must* fight to get it. The task has been rendered easier by the publication of the results of an inquiry into the educational adventures of grown men and women of the working classes, a book whose purpose it is to present adult education, as it were, from the consumer's point of view.*

The book is the result of an exceedingly painstaking piece of research. A list of questions was carefully drawn up and several times revised as a result of consultations with groups of students. The questionnaire finally approved was not fired at students haphazard through the post. Canvassers were enrolled in different areas to explain to the persons or groups selected the purpose of the questionnaire and to ensure, so far as possible, their co-operation. Some of the students were Ruskin College men, more were members of Tutorial Classes; in all some five hundred dossiers were collected. Professor Heath was responsible for the organisation of the inquiry, Mr. Williams has written the book, and written it exceedingly well, and the Carnegie corporation supplied funds.

I use the expression "fight to get it" deliberately, for consider the difficulties which must be overcome. The worker who attends evening classes is tired.

> I walked two miles to the class—the class being held on Friday evening after a hard week's work, often very late, and long hours and the weather bad. One stayed, or was tempted to stay, at home from sheer exhaustion sometimes. This, however, was rare, even if one fell asleep in the class during the lecture.

A pity, no doubt, to fall asleep at one's class, but then, as often as not, one has been up at 4.15 a.m.

Even if he is not tired he is apt to be stupid, especially if he is a miner, for—

> After working underground for seven or eight hours, where the ventilation at best is far from satisfactory, to study seriously is to me impossible, because the coming into the fresh air relieves the strain on the body, and to fall asleep when reading is irresistible.

The class is miles away from his home and he has to stint himself to afford the bus fares, or, if he decides not to go home between his work and the class, he must pay for a meal in town and, since he has no club at which to wash, he must turn up to his class dirty and in his sweat-soaked working clothes.

> I had two choices. Either to go home, seven miles away, after my work, to get a bit of supper, wash and change my clothes, and go back the seven miles to the town for the class; or else go straight from work. The first was tiring and costly; while I found going to a class dirty did not encourage study.

(One is tempted to wonder, the authors do, in fact, wonder, why the W.E.A. does not, at least in London, set up a club, complete with canteen and licence, where the student can feed, read and wash between work and class.)

If he tries to study at home, he must work on the kitchen table among the debris of the evening meal, or must listen to the clatter of the meal, or of several successive meals, being cleared away. Around him babies squall; the washing is hanging out in front of the fire; through the party wall, thin as cardboard, comes the noise of next door's wireless. Presently his wife begins to nag, resenting in her husband an interest which she cannot share. Having read hundreds of reports from students, the authors are surprised to notice the frequency with which "the acquisition of a mental interest by a husband, whose wife is barred from it, has a trick of becoming a particularly disruptive element in matrimonial life." As one of the students writes: "Every married man finds his wife grumble at making home into an academy." Husbands do not so consistently object to the pursuit of knowledge by their wives, but they are apt to follow avocations which interfere with it. The supper things are cleared away, and the wife gets out her books "only to find that by that time my husband is ready to tune in the wireless and I cannot take full advantage of my leisure without retiring to another room and seeming unsociable."

Nor are these the only difficulties with which the seeker after education must cope. Often, for example, he cannot get books. Tutorial classes are, it is true, supplied with a book box from the relevant university, but there are rarely enough books to go round, and at the average W.E.A. class no books are provided. The student is thus thrown helpless on the resources of the Public Library, and although these are frequently good and are getting better, there are, it appears, many large towns, especially on the north-east coast, which are still totally without library facilities. Again, the student of literature needs to see plays, but often there is no theatre within reach, or if there is, the plays produced are not such as assist the study of literature.

Too much noise, too little privacy, too few books, too little sleep, to these disabilities are added more intimate distractions. Female students fall in love with male tutors, male with female. Sometimes they know what is happening to them: "I took the precaution to fall in love with one, and I have not yet fallen out," writes one student; more often, especially in the case of men students, they do not, and we hear of tutors who are "rather symbolic of truth and beauty allied one to the other."

What strikes most students about their tutors is their undogmatic manner of treating controversial subjects, their willingness to look at, and, for the moment, to identify themselves with both sides of a controversial issue, and their ability to state impartially views which they do not hold. This last qualification appears to be a continual source of surprise, for, as speakers at political meetings know to their cost, it is exceedingly difficult to outline a point of view, even for the purposes of criticism, without causing your audience to leap to the conclusion that it is your own.

In general, however, it is sympathy, understanding and encouragement, an influence as impalpable as a breath blowing across the slag heaps of industrialism from the gardens of culture, that students chiefly value in a tutor. And it is the closeness of the contacts formed in adult education that makes the job of teaching, ill-paid and arduous as it often is, one for picked men. It is scarcely too much to say that the tutoring of adults is a vocation, a vocation for which learning is the least of the qualifications.

What are the motives that lead men and women to overcome these many difficulties? Broadly, they are two.

There is, first, the desire for education as such. There comes a time when the working-class student realises that he

* *Learn and Live*, by W. E. Williams (Secretary of the British Institute of Adult Education) and A. E. Heath. *Methuen*, 5s.

has missed something that those more fortunately placed have enjoyed. He does not seem to be very sure what this "something" is, but, after reading a large number of the statements contained in this book, I should be inclined to express the need somewhat as follows. "I want to be made free of the country of the mind; I want to experience the joys of mental adventure; I want so to refine my consciousness and to cultivate my sensibility that reading becomes a positive enjoyment of the mind, seeing and hearing selectively discriminating acts and not merely passive responses to stimuli. Finally, I want something better out of life than the mass produced amusements which are offered to my class and I want to be shown how to get it."

The second aim is frankly revolutionary. The student wants to be educated, in order that he may become a more effective soldier in the struggle of his class to supersede the capitalist system. Not infrequently the two aims are combined. I was starved of education, thinks the student; therefore, there must be something wrong with the system that starved me; therefore, I must try to change it, and this I shall have a better chance of doing if I develop my capacities, and realise all that I have it in me to be. To this end I must be educated. Thus the two requirements "that adult education should create the enrichment of individual personality" and "that it should be the redemptive force of this disordered world" are at bottom the same requirement.

I propose to permit myself two comments. First, is it the case that adult education does, in fact, make a man a more effective class protagonist? From my own experience, I should say that it does not. Education may sharpen the edge of discontent, but it undermines the will to cut. The truly educated man—and many working-class students are truly educated—acquires a habit of mind which, admirable in the teacher, the scientist or the judge, is inimical alike to violent assertion and vigorous action. Native resolution, in fact, is literally sickled o'er by thought. An educated working-man may be, I think he is, the salt of the earth, but he is not the stuff of whom revolutionary leaders are made. Secondly, the proportion of really educable people in the world is very small—there are some 60,000 W.E.A. students all told—and it is roughly the same in all classes. To this extent Plato was right in dividing the community into two classes, those who want to use their minds and are capable of doing so, and those who don't and aren't.

C. E. M. JOAD

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. Cyril Ray.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A breach has occurred in the Macclesfield Labour Party ranks in connection with the municipal elections.

The No. 5 Ward Committee have thrown over one of their councillors, Mr. F. Genders, who retires this November, and have nominated in his place a local undertaker, Mr. J. Lowe.

Councillor Genders states that the members of the ward committee have complained that he has not attended four whist drives and the Labour Party field day, but he observes that as his left hand was injured in the war he cannot hold a pack of cards.—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

But I have still to be convinced that Shakespeare's dialogue is not too prosy and verbose for a modern cinema audience.—Reginald Whiteley in *Daily Mirror.*

"The propagation of pacifism is like using blasphemy," declared Mr. A. R. Wise, M.P. for Smethwick.—*Leyton Express and Independent.*

There was a bowl of what looked and tasted like sugar sweets in many colours. They were really aspirins. The combination of red, white and blue will surely be the easiest way in the world of getting children to take aspirin in Coronation year.—*Evening Standard.*

A JOKE'S A JOKE

A BOOK of jokes recently reached me from a stranger, with the suggestion that I might like to write about it. It was a book that I had occasionally dipped into as a boy—*The Jest Book*, a collection made by Mark Lemon, one of the first editors of *Punch*. I do not know whether it is still in circulation; probably it is as it is a volume in the Golden Treasury Series. To any of the rising generation who read it, however, I fear it must appear a very mortuary of jokes. Possibly, it seemed so to many readers even in 1865 when it was first published. It is difficult to believe, for example, that thousands of people once split their sides laughing over the quip entitled "The Ready Reckoner." It runs: "A mathematician being asked by a wag: 'If a pig weighs 200 pounds, how much will a great boar (*bore?*) weigh?' he replied, 'Jump into the scales and I will *tell you immediately*.'" Even with the help of italics—indispensable apparently in old-fashioned jest-books—it is difficult to smile except at the fact that so crude a witticism was once supposed to be worth a smile.

Almost any jest that involved an insult seems to have been thought to deserve recording in those days, especially if the insult referred to somebody's personal appearance. I myself rather enjoy insults to the personal appearance, if the personal appearance is not my own. In my infancy I always laughed when one boy said to another: "You must have been behind the door when faces were given out." The only two serious fights in which I was ever engaged—and, being engaged, was naturally beaten—were the result of my having called one boy "Pear-nose" and another boy "Yellow-faced Duck." I should have been surprised, however, to learn that insults scarcely less original were being recorded in print for the entertainment of posterity. For example: "A very plain actor being addressed on the stage, 'My lord, you *change* countenance,' a young fellow in the pit said, 'For Heaven's sake, *let him!*'" Had I been in the theatre on the occasion, I have no doubt that I should have laughed at this, for interruptions and sudden sallies in public places easily surprise us into laughter. How amusing as a rule is the give-and-take of insults at a street-corner meeting! The interrupter who bawls at the speaker: "Does your mother know you're out?" gets the reception of a humorist, and, if the speaker replies fiercely: "Go and boil your head," the thrust of his wit delights us like a retort of Whistler's. Try, however, to record the scene in print as a humorous anecdote, and how the magic has evaporated. "A certain soap-box orator being interrupted by a listener who asked him 'Does your mother know you're out?' replied on the instant, 'Go and *boil your head*.'" The salt has certainly lost its savour.

There are certain jokes that go on being amusing in print, largely because they are attributed to some famous man whose name puts us in the mood for being amused. Those who like Charles Lamb, for example, will meet any joke of his half-way. Some of his jokes were good, and some were only middling; but even the middling ones seem twice as good as they would have seemed if they had been anonymous. I like, for example, his joke about the card-player with dirty hands. "Charles Lamb said once to a brother whist-player, who was a hand more clever than clean, and who had enough in him to afford the joke, 'M., if *dirt* were trumps, what *hands* you would hold!'" That, being Charles Lamb's, seems to me pretty funny but, though the pun is neat enough, I wonder whether it would seem so good in an anecdote about an unnamed stockbroker? Douglas Jerrold's, again, was a name that once hall-marked any joke, however obvious, that was attributed to him. I do not think that Mark Lemon would have thought it worth while to include the joke called "Caliban's Looking-glass" if it had not had Jerrold's reputation as a wit to support it: "A remarkably ugly and disagreeable man sat opposite Jerrold at a dinner-party. Before the cloth was removed Jerrold accidentally broke a glass.

Whereupon the ugly gentleman, thinking to twit his neighbour with great effect, said slyly: 'What, already, Jerrold? Now I never break a glass.' 'I wonder at that,' was Jerrold's instant reply, 'you ought whenever you *look in one*.'" That retort, most people will agree, is not above the reach of a not very clever undergraduate. If it were made at Oxford to-day, I cannot believe that the Editor of the *Isis* would insist on having it for his next number. As I read it, indeed, I could not help wondering whether the wits ever really talked like that. I have never heard of Mr. Shaw or Mr. Max Beerbohm's suggesting jocularly to a fellow-guest at a dinner-party that his face was so ugly that it would smash a mirror if he looked into it. Fashions change, however, and wit that once graced the dinner-tables of the intellectual is now relegated to the preparatory school. How fortunate we are not to possess a verbatim record of the wit with which men of genius once regaled each other in the Mermaid Tavern! Heaven knows what jokes on the mirror-smashing level may have seemed funny there at the time. Most jokes made in company have a life like that of the soap-bubble. The bubble vanishes, and can no more be reconstructed than Humpty Dumpty.

Every one who has been present at a party of wits and has come away feeling that he has enjoyed one of the great nights in the world's history, knows with what a dismal sense of failure he has tried to report the wonders of the evening to his friends. He may recall a brilliant epigram, a good story, but, even though he may have a perfect memory, how colourless now seems much that at the time seemed iridescent! Wit owes much to the scene, much to the personality of the speaker; there is not one joke in twenty made, even by the wittiest of men, that retains its full measure of wit in a new setting and in the report of another speaker. No one who dined with Oscar Wilde in his most brilliant hours ever brought away with him a report of Wilde's sayings that made them sound half as brilliant as they sounded at table. There was a time when Foote had only to open his lips to set everybody laughing: to-day, most of his recorded jests seem as flat as champagne that has been left uncorked for a long time. "Foote," we are told, "praising the hospitality of the Irish, after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been to *Cork*. 'No, sir,' replied Foote; 'but I have seen many *drawings* of it.'" I have no doubt that most of us, if we had been present when Foote said this, would have laughed heartily with the rest of the company, and on our way home would have congratulated ourselves on having had a sparkling evening. But, after the lapse of years, the pun is no more amusing than the puns we find in the conundrums in Christmas crackers. Not that I am indifferent to the puns in Christmas-cracker conundrums. But they do not bear repetition. They are valid only for Christmas Day.

The Jest Book, I am afraid, bears melancholy testimony to the high rate of mortality among jokes. It contains 1,711 jokes, and I doubt whether more than eleven of these would make an ordinary reader laugh aloud. As one wanders about among the jokes, one has a queer "banquet-hall-deserted" feeling. Only very occasionally do one's spirits shake off the depression. My spirits did so, for example, on reading this. "A glorious bull is related, in the life of Dr. Sims, of a countryman of his, an Irishman, for whom he had prescribed an emetic, who said with great naiveté: 'My dear doctor, it is of no use your giving me an *emetic!* I tried it twice in Dublin, and it would *not stay* in my stomach either time.'" Is that a really good joke, or did it seem so to me only in comparison with the worse jokes that surround it? It may be that I am specially easily amused by jokes of the Wise-Men-of-Gothan type and jokes that reveal an exquisite logic of misunderstanding. I certainly like the joke entitled "Paddy's Logic," though I read a neater version of it somewhere else the other day. "The sun is all very well," said an Irishman, "but the moon is worth two of it; for the moon affords us light in the night-time, when we *want it*, whereas the sun's with us in the daytime, when we have *no occasion for it*." That aphorism seems to me to be rich in the poetry of false logic.

For the rest, too many of the jokes are on this level: "Dr. Spurzheim was lecturing on phrenology. 'What is to be conceived the bump of drunkenness?' said the professor. 'The *barrel*-organ,' interrupted an auditor." At such simple jests did the world once laugh. At jokes no better it still laughs in the music-halls and in the musical-comedy theatres. If the wittiest man alive were to compile a *New Jest Book* containing all the best jokes at which Englishmen have laughed during the last twenty years, it might seem to the reader, as Mark Lemon's does, like a garden littered with exploded fireworks on the morning of the sixth of November. The life of an ordinary joke is a short and a merry one. How many immortal jokes would the perfect Jest Book contain? Probably, not above a hundred. Y. Y.

THE FASCISTS, RIOT, AND UNLAWFUL ASSEMBLY

FROM the press reports of last Tuesday's deputation to Sir John Simon, it is clear that the Cabinet is still undecided what to do to prevent Fascist disorders. Some members of the deputation were in favour of further powers being given to the police to divert or deal with processions and street meetings. The reports do not make it clear whether the deputation also took this opportunity of pointing out to Sir John that in fact the police in London and in South Wales have been for some time exercising such powers, and that it was on the ground that the police could at will define a "prohibited area" in which meetings were not allowed that Sir John justified the police charge in Thurloe Square last March. However that may be, in view of the promise or threat to consider new legislation on the subject, it is important to review the law as it stands.

The police have two distinct methods by which they can prevent political gatherings. The first is by enforcing strictly against meetings and processions of which they disapprove the various local and national laws which were intended originally for keeping the highway free from obstruction. The second is for the police to deal with persons taking part or likely to take part in disorderly meetings as actual or potential breakers of the peace. Though open to abuse, this second method is much preferable to the first which, largely evolved since the war, enables the police, by using their discretion when to prosecute for obstruction, to exercise a political control over what meetings are allowed in the street. Technically speaking, every meeting, however small, is an obstruction, though there is no one obstructed. The police must therefore always obtain their conviction.

It is unfortunate that the Labour deputation should have laid emphasis on the need for increased police powers which Sir John Simon hinted could be used to prevent processions and meetings of all kinds, while nothing seems to have been said of what is considered in legal circles the most remarkable feature of the Government's handling of the Fascist question, the failure to prosecute for riot and unlawful assembly.

One of the most fundamental principles of the English common law has been the preservation of the King's Peace. A man who is attacked by an adversary may defend himself by force, but if he fears attack he must go to the courts for protection. They will bind over his adversary to keep the peace. If instead, he protects himself with a bodyguard of his friends and a fight ensues he will not be able to plead legitimate self-defence.

Put shortly, the principle is that no body of men may maintain their legal right with such a show of force as to put reasonable people in terror.

Riot and unlawful assembly are the offences committed by those who try to carry out their enterprise by force. "Whether such enterprise," said the judge to the jury in the leading case on the subject, "be a lawful or an unlawful one, does not

matter and I cannot tell you this too plainly in relation to riot. An unlawful assembly is an assembly of persons with the intention of carrying out a common purpose, lawful or unlawful, in such a manner as to give firm and courageous persons in the neighbourhood of such assembly ground to apprehend a breach of the peace in consequence of it."

Such a principle is capable of considerable adaptation to varying circumstances. The best known example of how it can be applied is perhaps the classic one given by Professor Dicey in his *Law of the Constitution*:

> If, for example, a Protestant controversialist surrounded by his friends uses in some public place where there is a large Roman Catholic population, abusive language which is in fact slanderous of Roman Catholics or which he is by a local byelaw forbidden to use in the streets and thereby provokes a mob of Roman Catholics to break the peace, the meeting may become an unlawful assembly.

Substitute for Protestant, Fascist, for Roman Catholics, Jews; and for a local by-law forbidding abusive language the section of the Metropolitan Police Act prohibiting "insulting words and behaviour," and the example is surely an accurate description of some recent Fascist meetings in the East End. Does Sir John Simon see some distinction which is not obvious to other legal and lay minds?

BARRISTER

IS THERE NO OFFENCE IN'T?

> The coarseness of the play can only be redeemed by the rendering of the name parts and the part of Mr. Horner. The fact that these two parts are performed at the Old Vic by two artists whose inherent niceness is so transparent . . . makes the whole play a clean and not a dirty entertainment.—Letter from Lord Lytton, Chairman, Old Vic Governors, in the *Daily Telegraph*.

FIE, let us not be squeamish, fie!
And hide behind a quibble;
Confess "The Country Wife" is high . . .
This argument's a fribble.

How should inherent niceness go
With that adroit rapscallion
Who calls himself a gelding, foh!
When he's an arrant stallion?

Would not the cynic Horner shame
To court a bourgeois benison?
'Tis to pass chicken off for game,
To dish up veal as venison.

As soon bid players strip of vice
Old Cenci or Iago
Or rescue by demeanour nice
The tart of Pago-Pago.

What, smear this plot with niceness? Pish!
Such mealy-mouthed miscasting
Defiant of the author's wish
Should be repented, fasting.

When Wycherley beds with the Muse
Their lewd encounter shocks, sir!
Their bawdry we may not excuse,
But play it, with a pox, sir!

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

LABOUR'S CHOICE

SIR,—In his article on the Labour Party Conference Mr. Cole writes, apparently with regretful equanimity: "On the outstanding issue of to-day, that of armaments and collective security, the Edinburgh Conference has returned an intentionally ambiguous answer." I agree that this is a fact, but, as a member of the Labour Party and an inhabitant of Europe, I cannot regard it with Mr. Cole's deprecating equanimity; it makes the hair rise in horror on my head and shudders go down my back; it rouses in me a forgotten instinct to put on sackcloth and ashes upon my head, to beat my breast, and to rush out into High Holborn crying: "Come, near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people: let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and his fury upon all their armies; he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter."

For this "outstanding issue of to-day" is a matter of life and death, not merely to the individual, but to the country, to the community, even to civilisation. And it is on such a question that the leaders of our party offer us and the bewildered electorate "an intentionally ambiguous answer!" Surely a party which pursues such tactics in such an emergency is not only helping the Lord to destroy us and deliver us to the slaughter, but is itself committing suicide.

One does not need to be an Isaiah or a Jeremiah to prophesy the manner of that suicide. The League as an instrument of preventing war is dead; no one believes that anyone will use it to prevent the next war. Hence there is no instrument of collective security in existence and no Government in Europe which regards it as seriously as the arquebuses in its museums in its calculations about war and peace. In such circumstances facts have forced and will force the country to choose between only two possible alternative policies, isolation or alliance. It is vital that every individual, still more a party which offers itself as an alternative to the Government, should face this question, not with intentional ambiguity, but with the greatest possible honesty and clearness: will isolation or an alliance with the non-Fascist States afford the greatest chance of preventing war? To burke the question is to drift into disaster. But for the leaders of the Labour Party to burke it, to talk with intentional ambiguity about the League and collective security, instead of putting the facts and the question clearly before their own members and the people of the country, is—to put it at the lowest—political suicide, for it plays directly into the hands of the present Government. The Government, too, are in favour of the League and of collective security, just because both are non-existent, and cover therefore for them the mandate to drift—which is what they desire. There is, therefore, nothing to distinguish a Labour policy of intentional ambiguity pivoted on the League and collective security from the Government policy of drift pivoted on the League and collective security. The electorate is sufficiently concerned about war and peace to realise this, and it is, in fact, already realising it. The result upon the minds of large numbers of ordinary people is two-fold. They feel that the Labour Party has nothing better to offer them than the Government—a policy of ambiguity, muddle and drift, and that therefore the only thing to do is to "keep out of it." If that goes on the Labour Party leaders will wake up one morning and find that the majority of their followers have become isolationists and are under the banner of Lord Beaverbrook.

52 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

LEONARD WOOLF

OPINION IN MOROCCO

SIR,—In to-day's (October 18th) *Sunday Times*, it is reported that there is "intense enthusiasm for General Franco's cause" in the Spanish Zone of Morocco. I have just returned from a three month's stay in Tangier, where my work (non-political) led me frequently into conversation with Moors from the Spanish Zone who were living in Tangier temporarily as refugees, and none of those I met had the slightest enthusiasm for General Franco's cause.

Except in very rare cases, and then only with very careful precautions, no men (natives) from the Spanish Zone are permitted to cross the frontier of the International Zone to go to Tangier. They are shot at sight if found trying to cross, as many do, under cover of darkness. But the womenfolk (closely searched, however, for letters or arms at each crossing) are allowed to do so for trading purposes, and it is through them that much information concerning happenings in the Spanish Zone finds its way verbally into Tangier, and it was from such sources that my informants had their news. They told me that no tribesmen are allowed to assemble; the headman of each village has received instructions that none of his fellow villagers (men) are to be permitted to sit talking together. Moreover, men are no longer allowed to go to the countryside markets within the Spanish Zone, nor even to the next village; only women are allowed to go. No letters may

be received by the natives in the Spanish Zone, and any tribesman found with any letter from Tangier or elsewhere outside the Spanish Zone (and if I understood correctly, from anywhere within the Zone itself, even) is immediately imprisoned and sentenced to a long period of hard labour. Some are successful in crossing the frontier during the night, but there are in Tangier men of their own tribe acting as spies on their fellow-tribesmen, and when any of such are seen in Tangier the Franco authorities are informed, and on the unfortunate's return to his village (if he has not been shot in recrossing the frontier) he is imprisoned at once. They told me, too, of the attempted rising by the Beni Amart tribe, entirely disarmed as it is, and of the very severe repression of this by machine-guns, and of two kaids (chiefs of tribes) who had been shot outside Tetuan on account of their suspected sympathy with the Madrid Government. They told me also of twenty Spanish District Officers and high government officials from Tetuan, El Ksar, Sheshuan, and the neighbouring tribal territories, who were strangled with wire in the prison at Arzila to avoid the noise of shooting, and of the Republican High Commissioner and generals who are said to be breaking stones in the mountains near Tetuan.

Against the above, however, are the frequent statements that the Sultan's khalifa (representative) for the Spanish Zone, who normally lives in Tetuan, is in favour of Franco's cause, and my informers narrated of him that he went to Arzila, supported by about five thousand tribesmen from the mountainous country between Tangier and Tetuan, to set free all the Moorish prisoners (many of whom are notorious criminals) and made them a speech, the main trend of which was their indebtedness to General Franco for their release, and therefore their obligation to have no relations with his enemies. Further they told me about a speech made by Franco himself to assembled tribesmen, to the effect that, if they were loyal to him, they would have back the lands of their forefathers in Andalusia, and that all the former mosques of Andalusia, such as the cathedrals of Cordoba and Sevilla, would be given again to Mohammedanism. Certainly, these latter offers must be very attractive to a people who still fly a black flag on every mosque minaret on Friday mornings in memory of their lost Andalusia, but it is very doubtful whether any real enthusiasm exists for *either* of the Spanish sides among these warlike anti-Christendom tribesmen who are totally disarmed, and consequently utterly powerless to achieve their strongest desire, i.e., to make the most of the present weaknesses among their " Protectors " by driving out *all* these invader Europeans from what is, after all, their own territory.

The truth seems to be that the majority of the Moors and tribesmen of the Spanish Zone are merely waiting on events, hardly daring to show any enthusiasm for either side, lest ultimately they be penalised by bodily suffering and by having their lands and property confiscated by whichever side wins, and, as Franco's side is showing more and more signs of being the victors, the Moors may be *affecting* some enthusiasm for his cause for the sake of their comfort and property, but this can hardly be taken as from conviction, even where it exists.

UNIVERSITY LECTURER

THE PEOPLE'S FRONT

SIR,—It would appear from Mr. Cole's article " After Edinburgh " in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that Mr. Bevin is alive to the serious limitation of the Trade Union movement in that it does not represent the entire working class. The mass of the black-coated or professional workers in the rapidly growing services and professions are not, amongst others, included in its ranks.

If, as Mr. Cole indicates, Mr. Bevin and the other T.U. leaders are genuinely anxious for the black-coats and professional workers to enter the organised ranks of the T.U.C., they should seize the unique opportunity which now lies before them to achieve this end within a short space of time.

It is an open secret that the organised insurance and bank clerks through their respective guilds are on the eve of a conflict with the employers on the vital issues of the right to organise, recognition and collective bargaining.

Both the Guild of Insurance Officials and Bank Officers' Guild are also at the present time considering seriously the question of affiliating to the T.U.C. If at this critical stage in the lives of these two black-coat national organisations the T.U.C. leaders took up their cause openly and with energy and decision the result of this conflict with the employers would be a foregone conclusion and victory would be certain. It is known that a victory on these issues would result in the mass of the insurance and bank clerks joining their respective guilds, and it is not conceivable that in these circumstances any serious opposition from within their ranks would be raised to immediate affiliation to the T.U.C.

Now, if the bank clerks and insurance clerks in their thousands, after a victory won with the open and energetic support of the T.U.C. leaders, affiliated to the T.U.C., it is not unreasonable or unduly optimistic to hope and expect that the remainder of the black-coats and professional workers still outside the ranks of the T.U.C. would come in, thus removing one at least of the limitations referred to in Mr. Cole's article.

The T.U.C. has neglected the black-coats so far, but, as Mr. Cole has indicated, it cannot afford to do so much longer. The black-coats man services and professions which are rapidly growing in size and importance, and it should be remembered that in Germany it was from these middle-class workers shut out or neglected by the T.U. movement, despairing and hopeless, that Hitler and his Nazi Brown Shirts received full support and were hoisted into power. LEONARD R. WHITTALL

" Fokia,"
Rickmansworth Lane,
Chalfont St. Peter, Bucks.

THESE PRECIOUS JUSTICES

SIR,—I am not concerned to convince Mr. Bensusan, whose manners and methods of controversy are characteristic of a certain type of lay magistrate. I refer him to *Hamlet*, Act 3 Scene 2, lines 250 to 254, in answer to his remarks and to the files of the *Birmingham Mail* for figures as to the number of cases dealt with in various courts. But I may perhaps be allowed to explain that my reason for anonymity is that otherwise it would probably be assumed that the abuses of which I write are confined to the district in which I practise. As it is, I have been identified in several places, hundreds of miles apart, which I have never visited. Moreover, it is unfair to single out individual persons and courts when they are no worse than many others. On a personal point may I add that a part-time clerk, who is also the chairman of a Bench before which I often appear, gave evidence at a recent Assizes that he had the highest opinion of my reputation and character! This was in a libel action in which I was awarded £500 damages against a gentleman whose controversial methods were somewhat similar to those of Mr. Bensusan.

With regard to " J.P.'s " letter he will find my suggestions for reform in an article on " Motors and Magistrates " in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last year. I should be delighted to elaborate them if invited to do so by the Editor. In the meantime, may I quote from " Justice of the Peace," by Mr. Page, himself a magistrate, on page 302 :

> The first need is for it to be recognised that all is not well, that a problem exists, and that there is need for reform.

It is, I think, important that the reform should not take the shape of substituting stipendiaries for lay magistrates as has been done in Northern Ireland. SOLICITOR

SIR,—Following upon your recent article entitled, " These Precious Justices," and upon the two letters in your issue of October 10th, the time appears ripe for suggesting in outline a solution of the problem of Magistrates' Courts which so far I have not seen advanced.

The increasing productivity of the Legislature in the creation of summary offences has made it necessary for lay justices to rely almost entirely on their clerk for advice: such a responsibility ought not to be laid on a local solicitor in private practice. Further, it is clear that Benches of magistrates, although they are not all so bad as " Solicitor " suggests, are inconsistent and often unfair in their administration of the law, the inconsistency being largely due to the constant change in personnel. On the other hand, lay magistrates are often able to protect a defendant who is not legally represented from the technicalities of the clerk and to secure that justice is done and otherwise to give valuable assistance in the ways mentioned by " J. P." in his letter.

Since there is so much to be said on both sides I suggest that the chairman of each Petty Sessional Court should be a full-time stipendiary magistrate, combining, if necessary, two or more Petty Sessional divisions much in the same way that a County Court Judge has a district. With the stipendiary on the Bench should sit not more than four lay justices who would have equal powers with the chairman. In this way a stabilising influence

would be introduced and consistency and efficiency would be attainable without handing over defendants to the prejudice, real or supposed, of an individual.

It is perhaps of interest to mention that this form of procedure is adopted in all criminal courts in many countries and, so far as it is possible to judge, works satisfactorily.

234 London Road, P. ASTERLEY JONES
St. Albans, Herts.

SIR,—Like Mr. S. L. Bensusan I sit on an Essex Bench. Although my Bench of Justices is presided over by a lawyer and is above the average of rural Benches, I cannot share Mr. Bensusan's view that "a man is never penalised because he is of the working class." Recently, in a district that Mr. Bensusan knows very well, a working man, almost without any means and who had a large and young family, was fined nearly £50 for a technical offence under the Road General Service Licence Regulations. He cannot ever pay. A rich company could pay £50 or could appeal to a higher court. The poor one-man firm (a taxi driver) must go to prison. In most J.P.s' courts, in spite of all the official circulars, defendants are fined just as heavily if they earn 30s. a week as they are if they get £20 a week—in fact, the rich man would often get off lighter, as he would employ an able lawyer.

I seldom attend my court now, because it is so crowded if we all go, and nothing is so bad as a dozen or so J.P.s all sitting in a row, whispering to each other (that is if half of them are not deaf). If all deaf Justices had to retire what a clean sweep there would be!

64, Radwinter Road, S. S. WILSON
Saffron Walden, Essex.

BRITAIN AND JAPAN

SIR,—The following two press telegrams appear to have some bearing on the controversy to which Sir Francis Lindley refers in his letter published by you in your issue of October 10th :—

The first telegram, sent by Reuters to their subscribers, timed 1.35 p.m. on August 9th, 1932, reads :—

Britain welcomes Stimson speech. In closer formation behind the League. Mr. Stimson's speech in support of the League Manchurian Commission before the United States Council on Foreign Relations is welcomed in official circles in London, Reuter learns, as an indication that America is lining up in closer formation with the other nations behind the League. The speech is regarded as further proof of America's eagerness to promote world peace in the spirit of the Kellogg Pact and of Locarno.

The second telegram, a "Service Telegram," went out at 5 p.m. on the same day, telling all recipients of the earlier message :

Please kill our paragraph wired at 1.35 p.m., headed "Britain welcomes Stimson speech." This is done at the request of the Foreign Office.

I do not think any comment is required.

13, Acacia Road, EDGAR P. YOUNG,
London, N.W.8. Lieutenant-Commander, R.N., Retired.

THE PALESTINE MANDATE

SIR,—Mr. Cohen is evasive. I gave four good reasons why the crucial sentence in the McMahon correspondence must be understood as promising Palestine to the Arabs. Mr. Cohen makes no attempt to reply directly to a single one of my contentions. Instead, he rebukes me for using a "selective and fractional method" of quotation. Did he expect me to quote the whole correspondence yet published? I chose that sentence because it is the only one from the British side which attempts to define the boundaries of the proposed Arab kingdom in the direction of Palestine. It is the only straw that Zionists themselves can clutch. As for the unpublished parts of the correspondence, the British Government has repeatedly been challenged to publish them, but it prefers to keep silence. Readers may draw their own conclusions. Arabs do.

Lawrence saw the whole correspondence, and gave his conclusions in a sentence quoted by Mr. Cohen. But the sentence proves the opposite of what Mr. Cohen claims. The two conditions of an Arab kingdom mentioned by Lawrence were both in fact fulfilled. (1) "Conditional upon an Arab revolt." Well, was there not an Arab revolt? Lawrence says nothing about the necessity of a revolt in every corner of Arabia. There were good military reasons against one in Palestine. Mr. Lloyd George at any rate was satisfied, for he said on September 19th, 1919, that the Arabs had redeemed the pledges they had given to Great Britain, and Great Britain would redeem the pledges she had given to them. (2) The second condition refers to the interests of France. France has never claimed any interest in Palestine.

Then there are Lord Curzon and King Feisal. Many comments could be made on their statements in 1919 quoted by Mr. Cohen, but I do not see that it matters much what they said. Curzon said what British policy demanded; Feisal, on the other hand, was not the official representative of King Hussein at the Peace Conference. What matters is what the McMahon correspondence said, not what someone said it said. When we can consult nature why go to Aristotle?

About the Balfour Declaration, Mr. Cohen again refuses to be direct. I showed why its words are inconsistent with the words of Article 22 of the Covenant. It is no answer to this to show that the Allied Powers incorporated the Declaration into the text of the Mandate; it is merely another case of scholasticism.

22 Pine Road, Didsbury, Manchester. G. F. HOURANI

LIBRARY CENSORSHIP

SIR,—As a result of reading Mr. Hone's new life of George Moore, I wished to look up a certain passage in *Evelyn Innes* and went to my local public library, that of the Royal Borough of Kensington, to see if I could find it. Considerably to my astonishment I discovered that, although the library possessed almost the entire output of "F. Frankfurt Moore," whoever he might be, George Moore was only represented by *Ave*, *Salve*, *Vale* and, I think, *The Brook Kerith*.

Having five minutes to spare, I examined the catalogue to see how some of the other great literary figures of the past quarter of a century had fared at the hands of the Library Committee. The results were surprising. The only book by D. H. Lawrence in the library is his solitary pot-boiler, *Movements in European History*. Aldous Huxley has been banned completely, except for his latest novel, *Eyeless in Gaza*. Norman Douglas is represented only by *Old Calabria*. Only two books by Richard Aldington appear in the catalogue. Wyndham Lewis's name is not there at all, and Max Beerbohm has only a memoir of his brother, Beerbohm Tree, to his credit.

By contrast with their treatment of English authors, the Library Committee has not hesitated to spend the Kensington ratepayer's money on a complete set of the works of Marcel Proust, in French, including the two volumes of *Sodome et Gomorrhe!*

In justice to Kensington it should be added that probably no London municipal library has a more complete collection of the works of Emma Jane Worboise. DOUGLAS GOLDRING

48 Tregunter Road, S.W.10.

DAVID EDER MEMORIAL

SIR,—The desire has been expressed in many quarters to establish a memorial to the late Dr. M. D. Eder to commemorate his selfless services to medicine, to social science and to the cause of Zionism. It is felt that not only psycho-analysts and Zionists would like to be associated with this memorial, but also many working in the spheres of medicine and social science who knew of Dr. Eder and of his work. After mutual discussions and consultation with Mrs. Eder, it has been decided to offer to the Hebrew University in Jerusalem a Psychological Library that will bear Dr. Eder's name. Mrs. Eder is presenting Dr. Eder's own library as a nucleus, and it is intended to mark this act by a simple ceremony to take place later.

It appears to us unnecessary to labour this appeal to those who cherish the memory of our late friend. This memorial is one that he himself would have appreciated, since it is designed to promote the cause of scientific research in the branch of learning in which he was pre-eminently interested and in the institution to the establishment and development of which his strenuous labours had been devoted during the past two decades. In the midst of the war, while the guns were still roaring, Dr. Eder was one of that small band of idealists who laid the foundation stone of the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus. He was the Chairman of the Advisory Committee which prepared the schemes for the first Science Departments; he subsequently became one of the Governors of the University; and finally he was the moving spirit in the establishment of the organisation of the "Friends of the Hebrew University" in this country. Few men have played so significant a part in the shaping of the early destinies, the schemes of studies and the constitution of the University.

Dr. Eder's place in the history of Zionism is too familiar to

need emphasis. As Chairman of the Palestine Zionist Executive and as President of the English Zionist Federation, he rendered unforgotten service to the cause of Jewish reconstruction in Palestine at decisive moments in the history of Zionism. His work in the sphere of psycho-analysis is well known to members of the International Psycho-Analytical Association, and his place in the history of psycho-analysis was appraised in the *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis* in the April issue for 1936. The many tributes to his memory which have appeared in the Press, both of this and of foreign countries, during the past few months bear witness to the loss which the causes of social effort and scientific inquiry have suffered by his passing. We who were privileged to know and collaborate with him, mourn the loss of an untiring worker and a courageous pioneer, one whose ever-helpful personality will always live in our memory. We are sure that many will wish to perpetuate his memory by assisting to further an object he would have had so much at heart.

(All subscriptions to be sent to the Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. Maurice Sorsby, 86 Harley Street, W.1).

(Signed) ALBERT EINSTEIN, MELCHETT, SIGMUND FREUD, REDCLIFFE N. SALAMAN, PHILLIP J. HARTOG, ARNOLD SORSBY, ERNEST JONES, CHAIM WEITZMAN, J. L. MAGNUS, H. G. WELLS

THE COST OF ERMINE

SIR,—May I thank the numerous readers of your excellent paper who have written to me for leaflets explaining the great cruelties of the fur trade and which also contain the White List of furs that can be worn with a clear conscience? I continue to receive batches of letters by every post; and many contain requests from people for extra leaflets to give to their friends. All this is of the greatest help. Ermine is a particularly cruel fur, owing to the frantic struggles made by these small creatures to free themselves from the torture of the traps; and so many of their skins (260) are required for one coat. If they were only in the traps for three days (and many are left for over a week) $260 \times 3 = 780$ days of agony for such a garment. I do wish that white rabbit skins which are farmed, or some fur substitute, could be used for the Coronation robes of Peers and Peeresses.

Wappenham, Towcester, Northants. C. VAN DER BYL (Major) The Fur Crusade and Humane Trapping Campaign.

Miscellany

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

An infant crying in the night,
And with no language but a cry.

SUCH was Mme. Leontovitch's rendering in a production that perished after four days, and should never have been begotten. She has been exposed to the bitter wind and biting frost of criticism. But the villain of the piece is Mr. Komisarjevsky. It is true that if she had been able to act or at least utter the part of Egypt, the public might have witnessed the last of Shakespeare's tragedies with no more than that vague feeling of disappointment and disillusion which its performance usually provokes; although the text had been cut and patched and turned like an old coat; although the costumes were neither beautiful nor significant, and the setting uncomfortable and ineffective; although Antony and Octavius were dull, dull moreover in the same way, and Enobarbus (endowed with a clearer understanding of his words than his unhappy colleagues) resembled a traditional Malvolio on tour and seemed too foppish to fulfil his necessary dramatic function. The public, I say, would as usual have been dissatisfied and blamed the play. As it is, the impression will have been fatally confirmed that *Antony and Cleopatra* is not very actable. After all, though Coleridge calls it "astonishing," it was chiefly the style which transfixed him, and Bradley does not rank it with the great four.

The producer has three things to consider: the theme, the structure and the style. Of the last there is no space to say more than that it demands more continual and concentrated attention than in any other of the plays, if the diversity of colour, the variations of pace, the rapidity of transition, the combination of lyrical, rhetorical and dramatic utterance, of wit and passion and thought, are fully exploited and intensely conveyed. Theme and structure are closely related, and if the producer has once apprehended the whole he will, I believe, find the drama extremely actable but not highly tragic.

"Antony was in love with Cleopatra and no mistake," writes Stevenson in his tolerably unaffected essay for young men and maidens on the central problem of existence; and he also lets fall the famous remark, "To marry is to domesticate the recording angel. Once you are married, there is nothing left for you, not even suicide, but to be good." Antony would have subscribed to that. On the other hand, was it love? Love, we know, makes the world go round; and this split the world in two. Antony is no Berowne or Troilus or Othello. "In love and no mistake." Exactly. Where is the tragic error, the natural frailty, the error of judgment, the missing of the mark, the *hamartia* which brings about the reversal of fortune? "In tragic life we are betrayed by what is false within," "and sometimes we are devils to ourselves." Othello, Lear, Macbeth, are blind. Antony is not: or at least if he is, he knows it:

> But when we in our viciousness grow hard—
> O misery on't—the wise gods seel our eyes;
> In our own filth drop our clear judgments; make us
> Adore our errors; laugh at 's while we strut
> To our confusion.

He is a realist, not a tragic hero. He has no illusions about Cleopatra or himself. He knew the price to pay and paid it. The tragedy took place long since. This is the aftermath. The villain of *Julius Caesar*—a disagreeable play in which most of the persons are morally distasteful, although frequent performance by public school-boys may mislead us—has become the willing victim of *Antony and Cleopatra*. "A quibble," says Johnson, "was to Shakespeare the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world and *was content to lose it*." My italics show that the Doctor read the play aright. It was Johnson also who noted that "upon every other stage the universal agent is love . . . but love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world and exhibited only what he saw before him." But we are most of us incurably romantic and we cannot help reading the play as a great love tragedy; we interpret it as *All for Love, or the World Well Lost*. Could Cleopatra have said without a blush:

> Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds
> And bends with the remover to remove?

Her love is amorousness, luxury, vanity, power, a most delicious poison. And there is a great deal in the play besides love, which brings us to the structure.

Shakespeare succeeds here where he failed in *Troilus and Cressida*; the comparison is worth study. He manages at once a public and private theme, carrying through a double and complicated action to a conclusive finish. The experience won in the debates in the history plays and in the lyric interludes in *Romeo and Juliet* bears fruit in *Troilus and Cressida*, but the combination is unsubtle, the play is static, the end inconclusive. In *Antony and Cleopatra* the public theme (Rome and all that) is marked by a contrast familiar in Shakespeare—the contrast between Bolingbroke and Richard, between the future Henry V and Hotspur, Greek and Trojan, Iago and Othello. Head and heart, intellect and passion, extrovert and introvert; there are variations. Octavius is efficient and a prig, an old head on young shoulders; Antony is grey headed and a boy, a dare-devil still. But this theme must be firmly grasped and strongly presented. The play is a triangle; Antony, Caesar and Cleopatra are the three points, and each of the three lines which join them must be a bold and decisive stroke. The title is the base, it does not enclose the play; and in the centre of the figure, mark Enobarbus, half-realist, half-romantic, partaker and commentator, whose *sapientia* or *sagesse* pervades and envelops the whole; who seems to be at one with the author and with the audience and gives the play its Horatian un-tragic tone. With some such character-design clear in his head—and the characters here are less simplified than in the great tragedies (*Hamlet* excepted)—the producer can then apply himself to the bustle of the two and forty scenes, to the to-and-fro of the action, to the theatrically effective pawns—a soothsayer or soldier, a eunuch or maid of honour. The order of the scenes must not be tampered with. The infinite variety is a unity. In Shakespeare, as in a successful film, it is the sequence that matters.

Witness *Twelfth Night* and *Hamlet*, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Lear*. He is a master of dramatic design as well as of poetic utterance. This is the first lesson (of many) which Mr. Komisarjevsky has to learn. In the meantime, even the least chauvinist among us must wish for an injunction against any further alien and undesirable assaults (whether on stage or screen) upon our one claim to art and morals, to wisdom and understanding.

GEORGE RYLANDS

REMORSE FOR GLADNESS

WHAT accident of hope could say to me,
" You will live to-morrow happily ? "

On the morrow, in the sun,
I sat in meditative fun.

My brain worked with the golden bricks
That build a poet's politics.

I rejoiced within my skin,
And never gave a thought to sin.

How dreadful, then, it was to find
That sin was walking in my mind !

Sin was busy everywhere
Teaching people to despair.

(Sin had gaily smiling eyes,
And charmed the dull men and the wise.)

I saw sin walking in the towns,
Shouldering a bag of frowns.

I saw sin walking in the wood,
Feeding birds with drops of blood.

I heard men cry for food to eat—
But farmers burned the ripened wheat.

And on the shores men busily
Were throwing fish back in the sea.

With my own eyes I saw these things,
And sighed that fools should dress like kings.

I lay upon a bed of nails,
And made myself eat living snails—

Great was my grief for being glad
When all the world was running mad.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

AT SADLER'S WELLS

IN a preface to their excellent anthology, *The Poet's Tongue*, the authors, W. H. Auden and John Garrett, write :

> Poetry is not concerned with telling people what to do, but with extending our knowledge of good and evil . . .

If we interpret the words " good " and " evil " in no narrow moral or political sense but in a purely absolute, that is to say aesthetic sense, this statement seems to me irreproachable, although it may need amplification. For example, the equivalence of " absolute " and " aesthetic " made by me in the above sentence may sound strange and unintelligible to many people. It may appear clearer if I add that the old and seemingly now discredited " art for art's sake " slogan did in fact express a principle which is fundamentally sound, but its rightness depends wholly on the meaning given to the word " art." In art all qualities—moral, intellectual, physical, spiritual, sensual—are included, and if this is recognised there can be no quarrel with the artist for not becoming a political, moral or any other kind of propagandist. His task is to extend our knowledge of good *and* of evil ; therefore he cannot be a propagandist because a propagandist wishes to extend not only the knowledge but the practice only of what he thinks is good ; but which others may indeed consider to be evil.

Poetry is, therefore, by reason of this definition a highly civilising influence, and for the very same reason so is ballet and opera ; for ballet and opera being arts are also concerned not with propaganda or telling people what to do but with extending our knowledge of good and evil. It is accordingly my opinion that the two theatres of Sadler's Wells and the " Old Vic " are among the best and strongest civilising influences to be found in London to-day. Also it is fortunate that one is able to add that in spite of present imperfections there has been a steady development at the Sadler's Wells theatre—about which alone I am entitled to write—during the past five years since its reopening as a new theatre in 1931. It is a great tribute to Miss Baylis that this steady and immense progress has taken place, because, without a friendly and encouraging attitude on her part to the many almost revolutionary changes which have taken place, this development could not have occurred.

The Sadler's Wells theatre is not run in order to make money out of the public, although it is run to pay its way. This means that at Sadler's Wells what is of primary consideration is the art of the theatre. When we go there we do so in the knowledge that at least the efforts of everybody concerned are to give the best performances and the best ballets and operas conceivable and attainable. Every year there is an improvement in the quality of the performances and evidence of an active enterprising spirit in the shape of new choreographic and operatic productions. It is possible now to criticise the ballet productions from the general standpoint of a critic familiar with the best that Europe has to offer in ballet, and indeed in these columns criticism has appeared in which that standpoint is assumed as a matter of course. Recently I saw a very good programme in which the charming Handel ballet *The Gods Go A'Begging* and Act II of Tchaikovsky's *Le Lac des Cygnes* were given, and not only is the development of the corps de ballet astonishing, but Sadler's Wells now possesses a number of young dancers of

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exceptional merit. Margot Fonteyn as the Swan Queen, Robert Helpmann as the Prince and Harold Turner and Mary Honer in "The Blue Bird" from *The Enchanted Princess* all gave performances of exceptional excellence, worthy of any first-class European theatre, although actually I doubt whether such good all-round performances could be seen anywhere else in Europe to-day, because I do not know where any permanent company exists except, perhaps, in Poland and Russia, and in Russia the ballet at the moment is, I believe, less adventurous than it is here. Before I pass to the subject of opera let me add that I advise everybody who cares for ballet to go to see Act II of *Le Lac des Cygnes*, for this is one of the masterpieces of ballet, being perfect within its limits both musically and choreographically and being extremely well done and in the right spirit under Mr. Constant Lambert.

On the operatic side there has also been great progress, but here there is still room for development and improvement. Nevertheless, there are a number of good productions. Unfortunately, Sadler's Wells is tied to the performance of all operas in the English language, which is artistically indefensible. An opera should be performed in its original tongue, but when this is impossible it is very important that good translations should be used. The translation by Mr. Proctor Greg of Boïto's libretto of *Falstaff* is excellent, and much above the average; this is a great factor in the success of the *Falstaff* production at Sadler's Wells, which also musically is one of the best things they do. Nevertheless, even in this production the women singers are very weak, and it ought to be possible to obtain better vocal material at Sadler's Wells considering there is the whole Empire to draw upon for singers, and London is full of Canadian, South African, Australian and New Zealand young singers who have come over here to make careers. The recent *Lohengrin* production had many merits, and here in Miss Joan Cross there was an Elsa who both sings and acts with intelligence and feeling, while Miss Edith Coates gave a good performance as Ortrud. Mr. Arnold Matters is one of the strongest members of the operatic cast at Sadler's Wells, and there are one or two efficient and capable conductors. The orchestra, however, still needs enlarging and also might be improved in the quality of its playing. However, there is every prospect of this being done, and when the operatic performances reach the level of the best ballet performances then Sadler's Wells will be a theatre London may well be proud of. W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Swing Time," at the Regal.

If *The Golden Bough* continues for long enough to put forth new sprays, it seems likely that, somewhere about the year 3000, the biennial festivals of song and dance that Mr. Astaire and Miss Rogers conduct to please us may achieve a mention in its distinguished pages. "A fair youth, and the fairest girl took the chief parts in this feast, which was celebrated in London in the spring and autumn, every year. The significance of these representations is still a little obscure, but it is generally supposed to be some kind of nature vite, symbolising eternity—like the Chinese Yin and Yang—by a combination of the male and female principals. If this is the case, it seems a little strange that the ceremonial dancing—which was, in fact, an elaborate form of courtship—was never allowed to end even in a mystic marriage; and that the happy youth and maid had occasion to bid the springtime of courtship twice yearly a temporary goodbye. These performances were enormously popular." *Swing Time* is an advance on anything this team has done before, the plot better constructed, and the "book" wonderfully witty. The only falling off is in the music. Jerome Kern's tunes are a little demure after Cole-Porter's vitality and Berlin's invention. But Mr. Astaire is a better comedian than ever, dancing more marvellously, and, if Miss Rogers feels any regrets for the "hot numbers" she used to put over so famously a year or so ago, she shows no sign of it as she swirls on his wing almost as perfectly as Adele Astaire did in the old, old days. In addition to all these virtues, this is almost the funniest film we have seen.

"La Kermesse Héroique," at Studio One

At last, a cultured film. *La Kermesse Héroique*, which won the Prix du Cinema Français and this year's gold medal at Venice, is a costume picture made for the sake of the scene it portrays. Except that it shows us Jan Breughel busy painting a Franz Hals, not only is the film lovingly true in its "atmosphere" and scrupulously attentive to detail, but it was evidently inspired by its subject—the plump and buoyant life of the Netherlands, as depicted by the Breughels, de Hooch, Teniers and other sixteenth and seventeenth century painters—with which the director has completely identified it. This can be said of few films, and critics (Professor Nicoll and Mr. Rotha) disagree about the value of such documentary inspiration in certain films—for example, *The Blue Light* and *Man of Aran*. But Jacques Feyder's historical comedy has a stronger plot than the "only faintly narrational" Flaherty film and is as closely bound up as Riefenstahl drama of the snow with an even finer background. Its interest as a story is slight. Yet the joke is first-rate, what the Censor's scissors have left of it. Being a French film, and by Jacques Feyder, it goes just far enough always to keep its balance: with taste and tact, he limits his "humour of situation" to a single situation, which is built up and dissolved in twenty-four hours. His intention succeeds exactly. A caption in solemn Gothic sets us down in a land oppressed under the Spanish yoke—but the sun is shining on good Netherland citizens in their holiday best. . . . The "Spanish fury" approaches the village of Boom; a rough ultimatum throws the men in a panic—but their womenfolk courteously welcome the Conde-Duque de Olivares with open arms; and they receive nothing but kindness at the hands of his followers. In fact, they discover (what nowadays should be obvious) that the Spaniard, who is sometimes savage, is always polite. And we are made to feel that when these Dons have departed—their arrival and their departure are the best sequences of the film—Feyder's burgesses will slip back into the frames of their old masters, resuming a two-dimensional peace from which his motion-camera woke them to momentary life. The film is an object-lesson to Hollywood and Denham—it shows that the "costume-picture" need not be vulgar and illiterate.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, October 25th—
- W. B. Curry on "War, Sadism and Education," Conway Hall, 11.
- North London Film Society, Monseigneur Cinema, Shell-Mex Building, Strand, 2.15.
- Shadwick String Quartet, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
- Isabel Brown on "Spain," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.
- Colonel Delahaye on "A People's Front for Britain," 86, Rochester Row, S.W., 8.

MONDAY, October 26th—
- Save Spain Still! Rally under auspices of the Catalan Defence Committee. Speeches by J. G. Gorkin, James Maxton, Sir Stafford Cripps and others, Kingsway Hall, 8.
- Meeting on "People's Front for Britain," Speeches by Hamilton Fyfe, Clough Williams-Ellis, Francis Meynell, and others, Conway Hall, 8.15.

TUESDAY, October 27th—
- Charles Roden Buxton on "The Institute of Pacific Relations," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
- National Peace Council. W. Horsfall Carter on "Spain," Baptist Church House, Southampton Row, 5.30.
- J. Langdon-Davies on "The United States," Morley College, 8.
- The Next Step in Religion. Charlotte Woods on "The Problem of Esotericism, Besant Hall, off King St., Baker St., 8.

WEDNESDAY, October 28th—
- Norman Haire on "The Spread of Sexual Enlightenment," Conway Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, October 29th—
- New Ideas in Social Administration. Mrs. Winifred Raphael on "Employment," Morley College, 7.30.
- Meeting of International Association of Writers for the Defence of Culture. Speeches by Lascelles Abercrombie, Montague Slater, and others, University of London Club, 21, Gower Street, 8.
- Royal Philharmonic Society, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
- Sidney Webb on "The Future of Soviet Communism," Friends Hall, Euston Road, 8.30.

FRIDAY, October 30th—
- John Betjeman on "The Harm of Antiquarianism," Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row, 7.30.

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LONGMANS

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"DURING the year 1883 a solitary English gentleman was to be seen, wandering, with a thick book under his arm, in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem." The reader will remember that, with these words, Lytton Strachey introduces us to the unassuming, boyish figure, short and slight, of General Gordon; that the thick book was the Bible and that the hero of the Taiping Rebellion was engaged in identifying the site of the Garden of Eden and the spot on which the Ark touched ground after the subsidence of the Flood. A quarter of a century later, an even slighter and much more boyish figure (he was in his twentieth year) might have been seen, *sans* Bible, going over the same ground and with very different objects. The boy had more in common with Gordon than a pair of extremely penetrating blue eyes; he was destined indeed to succeed Gordon and occupy the same almost legendary position among his countrymen as a knight, *sans peur et sans reproche*, as a result of feats of arms remarkably like those by which Gordon conquered the Taipings, though on a larger scale. There is indeed a certain likeness, not only in reputation and military genius, between T. E. Lawrence and General Gordon which shows itself in Gordon's disrespectful refusal of the large sum of money with which the Chinese government sought to reward him, and in his presenting the large gold medal they had given him to the relief fund during the Lancashire famine. The intellectual difference, however, was immense. Gordon preserved a childlike literalness of mind through life; Lawrence was, even as a boy, precociously mature, and as a man at home with the whole range of human thought. It is typical of the difference between them that while General Gordon went on a search for traces of Noah's Ark, Lawrence's object was to gather materials for the thesis which he submitted as part of his final examination in history at Oxford. He had, from a boy, a deep interest in architecture, particularly in the history of military architecture. In the three preceding years he had visited, mapped and photographed all the finest mediaeval castles in England and France, and in 1909 visited Syria and Palestine in order to compare the architecture of those built by the Crusaders. The thesis which resulted, his first piece of writing, has now been published in a limited edition, *Crusader Castles*, by T. E. Lawrence (Golden Cockerel Press, 2 vols., £5 5*s*.).

* * *

The results of young Lawrence's examination of upwards of forty castles built, or added to, during the crusades, was to convince him that Oman's view that the Franks learned how to build castles from the Byzantines and that "the Western Builders were for many years timid copyists of the crusading architects," was absolutely unfounded. His conclusion was indeed the very opposite. The castles of the crusading architects were modelled on those which the Franks and the Normans had developed in France from Visigothic and Roman models. He establishes this thesis by a minute detailed examination of the Syrian castles one by one. His examiners gave him a first and recommended that his thesis should be published, but the large number of plans and photographs made the cost too great. Lawrence, however, continued to think of publishing it, but postponed doing so in the hopes that one day he might make his survey complete. At a later date he added many marginal notes criticising and ragging his early effort. *Crusader Castles* is therefore a book for those who are interested in Lawrence's character as well as for students of military architecture. It is amusing to find the young Lawrence using the word *berm* perfectly correctly and the older Lawrence querying, in the margin: *What is a berm?* The statement that: *The Norman keep was thus rather an ineffective fortress: it could be mined with the greatest ease, as King John proved at Rochester*, provoked the note: *King John didn't attack Rochester apparently; no matter.* The following sentence describes the machicoulis of the immense thirteenth century Syrian fortress Crac des Chevaliers; *They resemble the latrines common in France in appearance but are defensive in intention*, against which he pencilled: *Hooray!*

* * *

Many of the photographs in each volume are magnificent, but the letters to his mother are very unequal in interest. Some of them are mere catalogues of facts which might almost have been transcribed from Baedeker. From others we can get a good idea of the tough self-reliant boy bicycling at top speed from one castle to another through France and living on a diet which he did not think abstemious.

> I begin on two pints of milk and bread and supplement with fruit to taste till evening, when more solid stuff is consumed: one eats a lot when riding for a week on end at my pace. . . . Fruit I find almost a necessity, but only pears and peaches procurable, and dear: however, I am a disciple of Blake:
>
> Abstinence sows sand all over the ruddy limbs and flaming hair,
> But desire gratified sows seeds of joy and beauty there.
>
> So I take plenty and keep cool and well, *albeit* copper-coloured.

The last two letters, from Latakia and Aleppo, are far more interesting. In Palestine and Syria, Lawrence seems to have walked almost everywhere, lugging a heavy Mauser pistol with him and furnished with an open letter from Lord Curzon, and he met with a number of adventures which are outlined in a very few words. He stayed with a young Arab noble: "A young man very lively and rather wild, living in a house like a fortress on the top of a mountain. . . . He had just bought a Mauser and blazed at everything with it. His bullets must have caused terror to every villager within a mile around. I think he was a little cracked." Lawrence's own pistol was also used. Once there was a false alarm:

> A bed for the night on a threshing floor, on a pile of chopped straw, listening to the Arabs beating out their Dhurra in the moonlight: they kept it up all night in relays, till about 2 a.m., when they woke me up and said they were exhausted, would I keep watch because there were thieves, and I was an Inglezi and had a pistol: I obliged, thinking it was humbug of the usual sort . . . they told me next day that there were really no thieves, but landlords about! Isn't that charming? These dear people wanted to hide the extent of their harvest.

In the last letter he explains that he has been given a mounted escort as he had actually been shot at:

> An ass with an old gun: I suppose he was trying it. At any rate, he put in a shot at about two hundred yards which I was able to return rather successfully for his horse promptly bolted about half a mile. . . . I am rather glad my perseverance in carrying the Mauser has been rewarded.

* * *

Two years later, after leaving Oxford, Lawrence began excavating for the British Museum at Carchemish and, in 1913, he and C. L. Woolley undertook a piece of archaeological exploration in the Sinai desert. Their results were first published as the Annual of the Palestine Exploration Fund, but were republished early this year: *The Wilderness of Zin*, by C. Leonard Woolley and T. E. Lawrence (Cape, 18*s*.). In the passages by Lawrence there is a caustic humour and a power of illustrating his argument with points that will sink home, e.g., the absence of wood in all buildings and the absence of mortar, since there was no fuel to burn lime. Thus the Sinai builders would hew out of solid rock. There is a very vivid picture of the history of the country, which was inhabited and largely cultivated in Byzantine times, though the authors conclusively disprove Professor Huntingdon's theory that there have been any great climatic changes. The reasons were that a trade route ran through it, that in the Byzantine period the winter rains were conserved and the agricultural methods were far better than those of the Arabs to-day. There is also an interesting account, by Lawrence, of Akaba, which he entered four years later as a conqueror. The parts of *The Wilderness of Zin*, by Lawrence tell me more of what I want to know about him than the biographies, but I do not suppose everyone would feel the same.

DAVID GARNETT

HOUSMAN RELICS

More Poems. By A. E. HOUSMAN. *Cape.* 5s.

Mr. Laurence Housman explains in his preface that he was permitted, but not enjoined, by his brother's will to publish "any poems which appear to him to be completed and to be not inferior to the average of my published poems." He has used this permission liberally, and printed forty-nine new poems. I think he was right to do so, for they will certainly give great pleasure to many. Moreover, we are glad of any scraps which fall from the desk of an important poet: his failures can on occasion illuminate and help us to appreciate his successes. And the opinion that Housman was an important poet is widely held.

The introductory poem seems to me a very fair example of the middling Housman:

They say my verse is sad: no wonder;
  Its narrow measure spans
Tears of eternity, and sorrow,
  Not mine, but man's.

This is for all ill-treated fellows
  Unborn and unbegot,
For them to read when they're in trouble
  And I am not.

Here is the pessimism, so attractive to most fastidious persons, expressed in what seems an admirably lapidary style. But closer examination suggests, I think, that the trope in the second and third lines is not very felicitous. A sort of pun invites us to visualise the tears of eternity as a river, which, apparently, reading these poems will enable us to avoid. Further, the expression "Unborn and unbegot," borrowed by Housman from *Richard II*, is appropriate in a dramatic vituperation, but in an epigram merely clumsy: "unbegot" adds nothing to "unborn"—it is there only to make a rhyme.

I pass over a number of poems which are written in a very monotonous metre. (Too often Housman's verses call irresistibly for the Hymns Ancient and Modern tunes used for *Jerusalem the Golden* and *The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden*). Then we come to this:

Crossing alone the nighted ferry
  With the one coin for fee,
Whom, on the wharf of Lethe waiting,
  Count you to find? Not me.

The brisk fond lackey to fetch and carry,
  The true, sick-hearted slave,
Expect him not in the just city
  And free land of the grave.

These lines seem to me admirable, and flawless, worthy, in fact, of Landor. How closely the versification follows the sentiment; the fifth line so quick and busy, the end so slow and spacious and serene! It is by a poet's best work that he must be judged, and the skill to write as well as this is rare.

A little later we come to a poem too long to quote, of which these stanzas are typical:

When he's returned I'll tell him—oh,
  Dear fellow, I forgot:
Time was you would have cared to know,
  But now it matters not.

* * *

Strange, strange to think his blood is cold
  And mine flows easy on;
And that straight look, that heart of gold,
  That grace, that manhood gone.

One is irresistibly reminded of the famous review of *In Memoriam*: "These touching lines evidently come from the full heart of the widow of a military man." And the weakness, the sentimentality, of this poem, which is admittedly personal, brings us into rather ticklish territory. A ribald friend of mine once said: "Professor Housman seems to have taken up first with a young man who committed suicide, and then with one who was hanged. No wonder his view of life is gloomy." But the poet himself was at pains to explain that very little of *The Shropshire Lad* was biographical. At the same time, there can be no doubt, I think, that young men, especially young men in uniform, excited in the poet envy and a quite special solicitude. "A soldier cheap to the King and dear to me," we read in one of the new poems, and the belted redcoat in "his finery of fire" appears repeatedly in both the previous volumes.

I sought them far and found them,
  The sure, the straight, the brave,
The hearts I lost my own to,
  The souls I could not save.
They braced their belts about them,
  They crossed in ships the sea,
They sought and found six feet of ground
  And there they died for me.

Housman's style is often very close to Kipling's, but when they write about soldiers it is with rather different emotions. One of the *Last Poems* contains repeated the lines:

Says I, I will 'list for a lancer,
Oh who would not sleep with the brave?

It is very dangerous to attribute to a poet all the sentiments he expresses in his work, but it seems evident that a passionate longing for the muscular and reckless company of soldiers, an envy of their rough and hazardous life, devoured Housman as a repeated daydream.

Say, lad, have you things to do?
  Quick then, while your day's at prime.
Quick, and if 'tis work for two,
  Here am I, man: now's your time.

* * *

Ere the wholesome flesh decay,
  And the willing nerve be numb,
And the lips lack breath to say,
  "No, my lad, I cannot come."

But it remained a dream.

More than I, if truth were told,
Have stood and sweated hot and cold,
And through their veins in ice and fire
Fear contended with desire.

Fear was victorious, and Housman became the first Latinist in Europe; a professor; and a great authority on wine. "Keep we must, if keep we can, these foreign laws of God and man." It was his clear duty to resist these vagabond and antinomian longings, to stay at home, to use his prodigious talent for exact scholarship. And whenever this ark of refuge grew too chilly, there was a cosier way of escape—the pipe-dream of his verse. There was something at once sublime and ridiculous in the patience with which he edited Manilius, an astrological versifier, whose poetic talent was obviously inferior to his own. Scaliger and Bentley, it is true, had undertaken the same task, and no doubt Housman liked to measure himself against these heroes. But the futility of the work, judged by vulgar standards, may, I conceive, have added to its value for him, and he was able to vent upon other scholars the spite he felt against himself for not following his profoundest impulses. (Such was his delight in saying venomous and contemptuous things, his brother tells us, that he had in his note-book pages stocked with phrases waiting for the appearance of appropriate victims.)

I have tried to elucidate this contrast between Housman's daydreams and his way of life because I believe it may explain the principal weakness in his poetry—a sentimentality due to a sort of insincerity. Scholarship was, by his choice, his real life, verse-writing a release, a fantasy. To describe as wish-fulfilment poetry so pessimistic may seem a paradox. But it is only too easy to luxuriate in gloom, and the Terence who speaks in many of the poems is, for all his gloom, a pretty dashing fellow who has not hesitated to follow his fancies. So I think it is not unreasonable to see in him a projection of what Housman regretfully suppressed in his own life. And those of his more devoted admirers, who may resent any suggestion of insincerity, are invited to peruse the hymn, printed in *More Poems*, which he so surprisingly wrote to be sung at his funeral:

O thou that from thy mansion
  Through time and place to roam
Dost send abroad thy children,
  And then dost call them home, etc.

True, "thou" and "thy" are not honoured with capital letters, but these lines are an odd description of "whatever brute or blackguard made the world." Terence, it would seem, had been buried earlier, and presumably without the help of a hymn.

Some of Housman's best poems (such as "The laws of God, the laws of man,' and "Others, I am not the first, Have willed more mischief than they durst") are expressions of the conflict which I have tried to define: others are more objective, like *The Merry Guide*, "West and away the wheels of darkness roll," and "We'll to the woods no more"—all of them admirable. In this sort too the new book contains a poem on Leander,

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an admirable translation of Horace's *Diffugere nives* and a witty epigram on Noah, who fled the sinful cities of the plain only to fall, on a mountain, into incest. These are burnished and charming pieces, which are a valuable addition to our *Lyra Elegantarium*. But the high, and I venture to think, exorbitant, claims made for Housman as a poet are not usually based upon such as these. Beneath an attempted stoicism, most of his poems are packed with self-pity, and with these it is all too easy to associate one's own emotions. The language is commonly very similar to, and presumably influenced by, Kipling's, but it is more scrupulously polished, and the pessimism of the poems makes them palatable to fastidious persons who are affronted by Kipling's heartiness. To some in each generation of adolescents, who are distracted by conflicts similar to his, Housman's poems, including the new volume, are likely to continue making a particular appeal. And where poetry is concerned, most men remain faithful to their adolescent taste. Those, on the other hand, who, growing older, reopen the volumes that once they bought from Mr. Blackwell or Mr. Heffer, and find much of the magic gone, are entitled to seek an explanation of this evanescence, to try to detect where and why these poems fail. And at the same time they can recognise that it is a great and honourable privilege for a poet to be much loved by very young men.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

A FEW MORE THINGS TO COME

War Over England. By Air Commodore LEO CHARLTON. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Our times are dogged by a question which is comically like the problems in Rule of Three or More which used to embitter the schoolroom. If 270 tons of bombs fell in England between 1914 and 1918, killing 1,414 people, how many tons will fall in one night of nineteen hundred and *x* and how many people will they kill? Most of us do not bother even to work this out wrongly, although we feel in our bones that a pretty concrete answer is coming to us. And we are prone to suspect the solutions which frequently appear, looking behind them for the political exigency which prompts them. But in this we err, because, although it is a political task to take the sting out of the question, the effort to realise the outcome of the forces which grip us has nothing to do with politics. It is doubtless being worked out with tolerable exactitude by aeronautical experts all over the world. These people naturally do not publish their conclusions. But anyone with an up-to-date grasp of aeronautics, a knowledge of mass psychology and a constructive imagination can work out a plausible answer. Air Commodore Charlton has these qualities, and in this book he does a most elegant sum.

Air Commodore Charlton develops his cycle of events succinctly under the titles Great War—Short War—Last War—Millennium. Great War is a matter of history. It is a dry and accurate account of the air raids we have had, reminding us, for instance, exactly what happened when a bomb hit a school full of children, and exactly what it felt like to pant in the Underground waiting for the All Clear. In Short War he proceeds to destroy us, but quite quietly, quite without invoking any devilry which is not a commonplace in informed aeronautical circles to-day. He lines up his national teams in a familiar way, Britain and France against Germany and Italy. But no referee's whistle starts the game. It is a fine Saturday afternoon in June, the date of the Air Force Display. Italy has designs on the water supply of the Blue Nile; notes are being exchanged; part of the Fleet and its Air Arm are concentrated in the Mediterranean. But no one bothers about that. There is the usual great crowd of notables at Hendon—Cabinet Ministers, the cream of the Air Force and of the other Services. While a bombing manoeuvre is in progress another formation of bombers approaches, flying low and quietly. No one suspects that these are not the next item on the programme until the bombs begin to fall. In a few minutes the survivors are stumbling across a flaming shambles which includes many of the heads of affairs. An hour later it is the turn of humbler people. A Chelsea power station supplying current to the Underground system is bombed and put out of action; thousands of travellers, trapped underground, die in the panic-stricken fight to get out. The same night, before the disorganised Services have had time to man the air defences, the docks, shipping and food supplies of London, Bristol, Liverpool, Hull and Newcastle are almost totally destroyed. The next blow is at the water reservoirs of the West, and the job is nicely completed by a holocaust of Greater London. We begin our traditional task of muddling through, but no one can muddle through against this *tempo*. It is learned that similar measures simultaneously applied have been similarly successful in France and that off Suez the capital ship has gone down before the air bomber. In three days the perfect war was over. "England was merely advised to sign, like France, on the dotted line, and like France she did." Our "force" was largely intact. But surprise, and an exact knowledge of British habits, operating with exquisitely directed blows at the executive, the people, their food, their water, and their homes, had taken their heart away.

The dictatorships apparently knew all about the woes of the victor. There was no Versailles. Apart from a reshuffle of colonies and a pulling down of Empire tariff walls, Britain was left to work out her own salvation. This she did by concentrating her impoverished resources on the attempt to survive at any cost the next rain of bombs. Her cities were replanned, her food supply conserved and secreted, her population drilled and her air force made ready for the day. When it came, she in her turn got her blow in first and withdrew in victorious isolation while Europe, on fire at last, exhausted itself in the wasting struggle of the Last War. Then comes the Millennium, which Air Commodore Charlton describes in the record space of half a page. It is clearly not in his line.

Comment is needless. I find this a horrible and an entirely reasonable book. Let him who runs—and particularly him who runs to bury his head in the sands of a baseless optimism—read.

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SHINING ARMOUR

The Kaiser and English Relations. By E. F. BENSON. *Longmans.* 16*s.*

It is so easy to write an interesting book about the Kaiser that the biographer is naturally tempted to take the line of least resistance and so to miss writing a really good book. Mr. Benson has not resisted the temptation. His book has many admirable qualities in praise of which one might comfortably fill a column of this paper. It is very much better than the book by Herr Ludwig, to which in certain respects it bears a resemblance. It is extremely interesting and eminently readable. It is written by a skilled writer—though it should be added that Mr. Benson is always liable to extraordinary linguistic or stylistic lapses, e.g., "the warmth of the Emperor's sentiments towards England and his uncle suffered a wintry refrigeration." Almost any reader will find some hours' entertainment in this lively portrait of the German Emperor and in the less detailed portraits of Queen Victoria, King Edward, the Tsar, and the lesser royal fry. The more sophisticated and more "serious" reader will also find the book interesting, even if there is little which is new in it. He may occasionally be rewarded by discovering some small historical facts hitherto unknown to him. For instance, Mr. Benson gives an account, based apparently upon private information, which I do not remember to have heard before, of how Bülow came to pass the Kaiser's appalling gaffe, the *Daily Telegraph* interview, and subsequently put the blame upon Freiherr von Müller. The point is of some historical importance. Bülow, it will be remembered, received the typescript of the interview, with instructions from the Kaiser that he should read it himself, should not let it be seen by the Foreign Office, and should report to the Kaiser whether there was any objection to its publication. Bülow subsequently alleged that, as it was "a bulky and almost illegible manuscript on bad typing paper," he sent it to the Foreign Office to be read and copied, that when it came back, he gave it to Müller to read, and that, on Müller's report that it was harmless, he approved it without ever reading it himself. Mr. Benson says that the original document is still in existence, that it is clearly typed on substantial paper, and that Müller never read it and was never asked by Bülow to do so. Mr. Benson's account is almost certainly true, but is it possible to accept, as he and others appear to do, the statement that, in these circumstances, Bülow never read the document? The Chancellor and the Ministers about the Kaiser knew far better than we do his appalling lack of political judgment, his mental instability, the dangerous looseness of his tongue. There is ample evidence that, when they wanted to do so, Bülow and others prevented the Kaiser's imbecile gaffes, and in the crucial days of July, 1914, when they wanted to muzzle him, they completely muzzled him. When they wanted a gaffe

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for their own political purposes, the Kaiser was always given his head. I simply do not believe that Bülow, knowing the kind of thing which the Kaiser was likely to say if given his head in an English newspaper, and receiving such a document with the request that he should read it himself, not allow it to be seen by the Foreign Office, and advise as to its publication, did not look at the document to see what it contained.

The Kaiser in his shining armour was far more the puppet of the "realists" who pulled the strings behind the puppet-show in the War Offices, the Admiralties, the Foreign Offices, the banks, and the purlieus where "heavy industry" is accustomed to pull its strings, than he realised or Mr. Benson realises. The shining armour was a cloak for less romantic things than mediaeval, monarchical nonsense. With those things Mr. Benson is, perhaps rightly, not concerned. He confines himself to the psychological rather than the political problem of the Kaiser. He finds the solution of that problem, as did Herr Ludwig, in the withered arm and the inferiority complex, the discovery of which has done as much for biography and biographers as the internal combustion engine for locomotion. I have little doubt that this psychological interpretation is seventy-five per cent. correct, though I am not sure that the most interesting part of the Kaiser's character would not be found in the twenty-five per cent. which is missed or misinterpreted by Mr. Benson. This inferiority complex business is so terribly overworked these days that it must be almost as tired of itself as we are becoming of it. Nevertheless there are some extremely good things in Mr. Benson's portrait, particularly his convincing sketch of the Kaiser in retirement and the clever, sympathetic portrait of what he might have been, had he been born a country gentleman in tweeds instead of an emperor in shining armour.

As a serious historical biography, the book is of little importance. There is an extremely interesting and important book which might now be written, investigating the part which the Kaiser really played in determining German policy, but Mr. Benson has not written it. Where he approaches the kind of problem which would have to be discussed in such a work, he is, more often than not, I think, wrong in his judgments. For instance, he writes more than once as though there was one fixed point in the Kaisers' foreign policy, "his sincere desire to be allied with England." There is really no evidence of this. All the evidence goes to show that his mind was so unstable that it was perilously near insanity and that he was constitutionally incapable of any fixed policy or of any "sincere" desire which did not turn into its opposite every twenty-four hours. Of course, he did quite often have a "sincere" desire to be allied with England, but he also often had a desire to lead a European coalition which would destroy her. The relative sincerity of contradictory desires is not of much importance, and extremely difficult to determine; what was important about the Kaiser's contradictory desires was that they followed one another with bewildering rapidity and were expressed with almost imbecile violence. The whirling mind of a distracted weathercock is another thing which had to be concealed by the shining armour.

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EDUCATION ANTI-REPUBLICAINE

The French Republic, 1870-1935. By JACQUES BAINVILLE. Translated by HAMISH MILES. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

When Jacques Bainville died last February (it was near his house, just before his funeral, a few days later, that Léon Blum was beaten up by a crowd of Royalists) the Paris papers, almost without exception, published appreciative obituary notices, which paid warm—if superficial—tributes to his work as an historian. It was not until a fortnight later that Julien Benda, just back from America, published an article in *Vendredi* in which he denounced all this praise of Bainville's great historical erudition as rather absurd. There was room for such a protest. He belonged to the *Action Française*, and was, first and foremost, a pamphleteer—but a pamphleteer camouflaged as an historian. Maurras with his polemical vigour, and Daudet with his almost Rabelaisian genius for invective, are avowed pamphleteers; but Bainville had his special uses, from the Royalist or, rather, anti-parliamentary point of view, by acting the part of the history teacher among the literary clientele of the Right. Though much less erudite than Maurras, he assumed the airs of a thinker and historian, and his "historical works" have held an important place in the education of the bourgeois youth of France during the last ten or fifteen years. He had few ideas; and those he had were nearly all taken straight out of Maurras; but he dressed them up in highly readable historical narrative, and his books were easily digested and absorbed by a wide public frightened of heavier—and more reliable—historical reading.

One of his principal ideas was that France owed her greatness to the Bourbon Monarchy, whose diplomacy—which was invariably wise—consisted in preventing Germany from achieving unity; thus, the greatest diplomatic achievement in the whole history of France was the Treaty of Westphalia, which divided Germany into a dust of little principalities, and so gave France 150 years of peace. But minor details like population—for France largely owed her European preponderance before the nineteenth century to the fact that she was the largest nation in Europe—do not interest Bainville. The Revolution and the Bonapartes, on the other hand, tended, in Bainville's view, to restore German unity—Napoleon I by arousing German patriotism after Wagram, and Napoleon III, with his nationalities doctrine, by encouraging Bismarck to strengthen Germany at the expense of Austria. But worse even than the romantic folly of the Bonapartes was, according to Bainville, the destructive work of Democracy, whose rule is leading France to ruin. And, like Maurras and Daudet, he holds that only a restoration of authority can save France, though he does not say how he visualises this salvation.

The *Third Republic* is the worst of Bainville's books. His *Histoire de Deux Peuples* is an interesting statement of his views on the Franco-German problem; his *Napoléon* is a brilliant *réquisitoire*; his *Histoire de Trois Générations* is, not a convincing, but still a suggestive account of the conflict between the wise pacifism of the Bourbon and Orléans monarchy and the bellicose enthusiasm of the Left, brought up in the tradition of 1789, on Béranger's songs and on the *Mémorial de Sainte-Helène*. But the *Third Republic*—which he wrote during the last year of his life—is neither brilliant nor even superficially honest. He tried terribly hard to explain why the Republic had managed to exist for nearly seventy years. His distress reminds one of that lovely passage in

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> Faites gouverner la France par un fou sérieux tel que Lass, par un fou plaisant tel que le cardinal Dubois, par des ministres tels que nous en avons vu quelquefois, on pourra dire d'eux ce qu'un sénateur de Venise disait de ses confrères au roi Louis XII . . . Louis XII en colère menaçait de ruiner la république: Je vous en défie, dit le sénateur, la chose me paraît impossible; il y a vingt ans que mes confrères font tous les efforts imaginables pour la détruire, et ils n'en ont pu venir à bout.

But in the end, Bainville made the pleasant discovery that if the Republic managed to last so long, it was because the 1875 Constitution was, in reality, a monarchist constitution. (This is, actually, an overstatement. In the view of M. Barthélemy, the leading authority on French constitutional law, the 1875 Constitution was not monarchist, but a compromise between the Monarchists and the Republicans who framed it.) Bainville then goes on to argue that it was thanks to the President—who filled the place originally reserved for the King—and to the Senate—Bainville does not mention the regents of the Bank of France—who constantly restrained "pure democracy," that the Republic has been kept afloat. Now, however, "pure democracy" is beginning to "overflow"; and the Republic can continue only thanks to frequent injections of morphine in the form of "small empiric dictators"—that is, National Government Premiers, like Doumergue and Laval, who can afford to ignore the rules of the parliamentary game. But how long this "agony" is going to last, he does not say.

So much for the conclusion. As for the historical narrative itself, a few instances will suffice. The Dreyfus case is dressed up as an "historical enigma," with a great deal of insinuation—but not the slightest piece of evidence—that Dreyfus was probably guilty. In reply to the embarrassing question why it was that the incompetent Republic still managed to build up before the war the most powerful system of alliances, Bainville glibly declares that Delcassé was "working for eternal France," and was not interested in the Republic. In other words, Delcassé represented Maurras's *pays réel* as against the *pays légal*. A very convenient historical method! In his chapter on the MacMahon coup Bainville makes a common error. He declares that the 16th of May, 1877, was perfectly legal and constitutional; and by the 16th of May he means the dissolution of the Chamber—the only dissolution in the history of the Republic. The dissolution was perfectly legal; but what was illegal—and Bainville either overlooks or ignores this—was first, the dismissal by the President of the Jules Simon Cabinet with a majority at the Chamber, and, secondly, the maintenance in office of the Broglie-Fourton Cabinet after it had been condemned by the Chamber (in terms of Article 6 of the Constitutional Law such a Cabinet must resign)—not to mention the "cooked" election of 1877, in which the Broglie-Fourton Cabinet persecuted the Opposition press, and broke several laws, including the law fixing the time limit for polling day.

This comfortable simplification of uncomfortable historical episodes is typical of Bainville's method. It is an interesting specimen of the literature which forms part of the education of the anti-republican South of France; but it is not a book for young or inexperienced Britons who wish to learn something about French history.

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MISS SEWARD OF LICHFIELD

The Swan of Lichfield. BEING A SELECTION FROM THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ANNA SEWARD. Edited with a short biography by HESKETH PEARSON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 12s. 6d.

Praised by Dr. Johnson for her verses descriptive of the scenery of the North Pole—courted by George Washington who, some years after the American War of Independence, commissioned an officer to go to Lichfield and inform the poetess that "no circumstance in his life had been so mortifying as to be censured" in her *Monody on the Death of Major André*—Anna Seward enjoyed during her lifetime an extremely enviable reputation which flickered and went out in the Victorian age. Since their first appearance in 1811 and 1812, her collected letters have never been reprinted. Mr. Hesketh Pearson, however, has now made a selection of her correspondence; and this volume (headed by a brief but entertaining biographical preface) should do much to re-establish her name and fame. The Swan of Lichfield does not deserve to be quite forgotten: nor is it just that, if remembered, she should be remembered only as the centre of a fatuous provincial clique, the friend of that singularly stupid poetaster, William Hayley, and the innocent victim of one of Blake's satirical squibs. True, she was an extraordinarily bad poet; but she had vivacity, a certain admixture of real shrewdness and—better still—a very genuine love of words. Her flirtations with the English language were often remarkable. Anna Seward possessed a style which combined Augustan sonority, Romantic sensibility and a gusto and extravagance of phrase which are almost Elizabethan. The reader who works steadily through her correspondence will find that the collection of "Sewardisms" is in itself an unusually absorbing pursuit. Does Miss Seward admit to having bathed—No; she has undergone "nineteen oceanic immersions." Should she visit a health-resort, she is, of course, wooing "the smiles of Hygeia." And, when she loses a lap-dog and an acquaintance begs her to accept a puppy from his bitch's next litter, she thanks him cordially "for offering to replace, in the first fruitfulness of your little canine darling, the loss I have lately sustained."

But Miss Seward was something more than an elegant euphuist. In spite of the affectation, the *sensiblerie*, the cries of admiration and the frequent gushes of tears, there is no doubt that she was a clever and observant woman; and though she did not like Johnson (who owed his early schooling to her grandfather) she was received by and visited him on intimate terms. One of the most valuable letters in this book contains an account of Johnson's argument with the celebrated Quakeress, Mrs. Knowles, about the behaviour of a young woman, the daughter of a rich merchant, who had recently defied her father and joined the Quaker sect. An abridged and considerably less entertaining résumé of the same conversation is to be found in Boswell under the year 1778; but the un-Boswellised version is by far the livelier and more characteristic of the two; and Miss Seward makes an amusing contrast between the obstinate mildness of the pious Quaker lady and the thundering attacks of the enraged Doctor, who inveighs against the presumption of a "ridiculous wench"—"I hate all impudence; but the impudence of a chit's apostacy I *nauseate*"—and, reminded that the chit was giving up a large fortune, administers Olympian reproof in his sternest manner: "Madam, Madam, I have never taught myself to consider that the association

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of folly can extenuate guilt." Elsewhere, Miss Seward gives a moving impression of Johnson's last days. He had begged her to call on him at his step-daughter's house; but, when she arrived, he was asleep in an arm-chair and, fearful of waking him, she stood contemplating his "deep but agitated slumber" and saw him drag himself back to consciousness "with convulsive starts." She notes that "the old literary Colossus" was haunted by "the terrible idea of his approaching dissolution" and, amid the shadows of death, struggled in vain to achieve resignation and peace of mind. "The religion of Johnson was always deeply tinctured with that gloomy and servile superstition which marks his political opinions"; while, in another passage, Anna Seward remarks, perhaps not unfairly, that, for all his devotion to the Christian faith, Johnson "worshipped God as Indians worship the devil." Her final verdict on Johnson's character is not inapposite; she rejects the ingenuous hero-worship of Boswell and wishes to see the hero represented "as he *was*, the most wonderful composition of great and absurd, of misanthropy and benevolence, of luminous intellect and prejudiced darkness, that was ever produced in the human breast."

Such flashes of cold critical good sense occur oddly among the sentimental involutions, the exuberant tropes and fancies, the elaborate complimentary flights, that diversify her usual letter-writing style. But then, her extravagance is part of her charm. At a time when everyone's style is bleak—and seldom bleaker than when we are writing to our friends—how pleasant to observe Miss Seward's dignified circling around a perfectly simple statement:

> . . . The studious, or social sedentariness . . . so certainly natural to me, was, last summer, startled into peripatetic exertion, by oppressed respiration. Since that period, I have walked generally an hour a day, as round a pace as my strength will permit, in the Dean's Walk, "when chill blustering winds, or driving rain, prevent not my *willing* feet"—no, I cannot quite say that, my *stimulated* feet—to pace their vowed mile upon the gravel,

or to read this charming description of a young girl dressing to meet her middle-aged suitor:

> I stood by her toilet while she dressed. It was with no particular attention. If she was longer about that operation than usual, it was from absence, not from solicitude. She sighed often; and once or twice exclaimed, "Ah! Heaven!" in a pensive and languid tone, and with an emphatic shake of the head, as she put on her light hat and ribbands.

Miss Seward, perhaps, is not likely to take her place among great English letter-writers; but she deserves a modest niche in the early history of the romantic movement. PETER QUENNELL

NEW NOVELS

Henry Airbubble. By W. J. TURNER. *Dent.* 7s. 6d.
Shallow Brown. By STEPHEN HOCKABY. *Joseph.* 7s. 6d.
Antigua Penny Puce. By ROBERT GRAVES. *Seizen-Constable.* 7s. 6d.
Star Turn. By RENÉ CLAIR. Translation by JOHN MARKS. *Chatto and Windus.* 7s. 6d.
Inhale and Exhale. By WILLIAM SAROYAN. *Faber* 7s. 6d.

Perhaps when the psychologists have done with examining crime and the causes of war and genius, they will turn their attention to the problem of the literary bore. The line that divides the readable from the boring is not (as is sometimes supposed) horizontal, but perpendicular. The friend who discovers me (supposedly a highbrow) deep in the works of, say, Miss Ethel Dell or Mrs. Kathleen Norris, has not, whatever he may think, caught me out, and does not score ten. For the works of these ladies, however slight you may think their intellectual stature, may just as well be—and indeed often are—on the right rather than the wrong side of the pale. Except in the extreme cases, the writer's mental altitude does not affect this point. Painfully embarrassing pretentiousness can occur at almost any elevation, anywhere, indeed, where the self-critical faculties can be downed by the desire to impress. It is all very well to exclaim at this point, "If you don't like the book you can always shut it up"—the feeling of disgruntlement persists. Resigning from the club will not make the bore dry up, or even help him to see what it is you are objecting to. "You cannot cuss, The motor bus. And brilliant wit, Is lost on it," wrote Mr. W. J. Turner's hero, Henry Airbubble, in an early poem. Early but true. The London Passenger Transport Board is as impervious as a rhinoceros or a bore. The landscape grows familiar, one begins to recognise that dividing line; it is alas, no new discovery, but the old and battle-scarred frontier between Sensitive and Insensitive. The novel is, after all, a much-extended monologue; such a monologue, delivered by any sort of person, in any class of society, can be delightful, but only if that person is reasonably sensitive (by which we mean if there is no obvious irritant in his psychological make-up). At this stage the uproar breaks out anew. "Sensitive," cry the bores, "we're as touchy as can be; why just look, we hop whenever you come within a yard of our corns." "But there again," we answer, "that is just another example of the hardening cuticle. What distinguishes the little group of books whose titles you see at the top of this review, from so many, many of the 6,000 odd novels that will be published in England this year is that, whatever other faults they may have, there is not a literary bore among them.

The best talker here, Mr. W. J. Turner, propounds, discourses, pontificates, interposes, evaporates into airy nothings. His sentences are prim, but with an undercurrent of humour; humorous, but with a vein of seriousness running through it all, his very formality is a parody of Baedeker's sonorous decorum. With Mr. Graves the tone is more colloquial. The paragraphs flow without effort, the pages stream out behind, like the miles behind a Bentley. Heavens, how we cover the ground! page 106 already! And what has he been saying? Oh, about stamp-collecting; he feels it is the great British thing more significant even than cricket—M. René Clair is melodramatic. His eyes flash and a film star is shattered into the parts he has played. He groans and the heavens open to reveal a God complaining. Mr. William Saroyan, to broadcast the stories that make up *Inhale and Exhale*, takes up his position, like a headache, just behind his hero's eyes. His monologue is vivid, impressionist, full of the endless repetitions and over-emphasis of the bar-room. He drones on; his free associations, unlike Mr. Turner's, are left in the raw. He sparkles chiefly in the rough.

Shallow Brown, far less intellectual than *Henry Airbubble*, and less colourful than *Inhale and Exhale*, is the least talkative and easily the most readable of the lot. Mr. Hockaby makes no personal appearances, whispers no asides. His novel is a peepshow into which one peers to see his little world of cockney longshoremen. Tom Mansey and his family are the literary descendants of some

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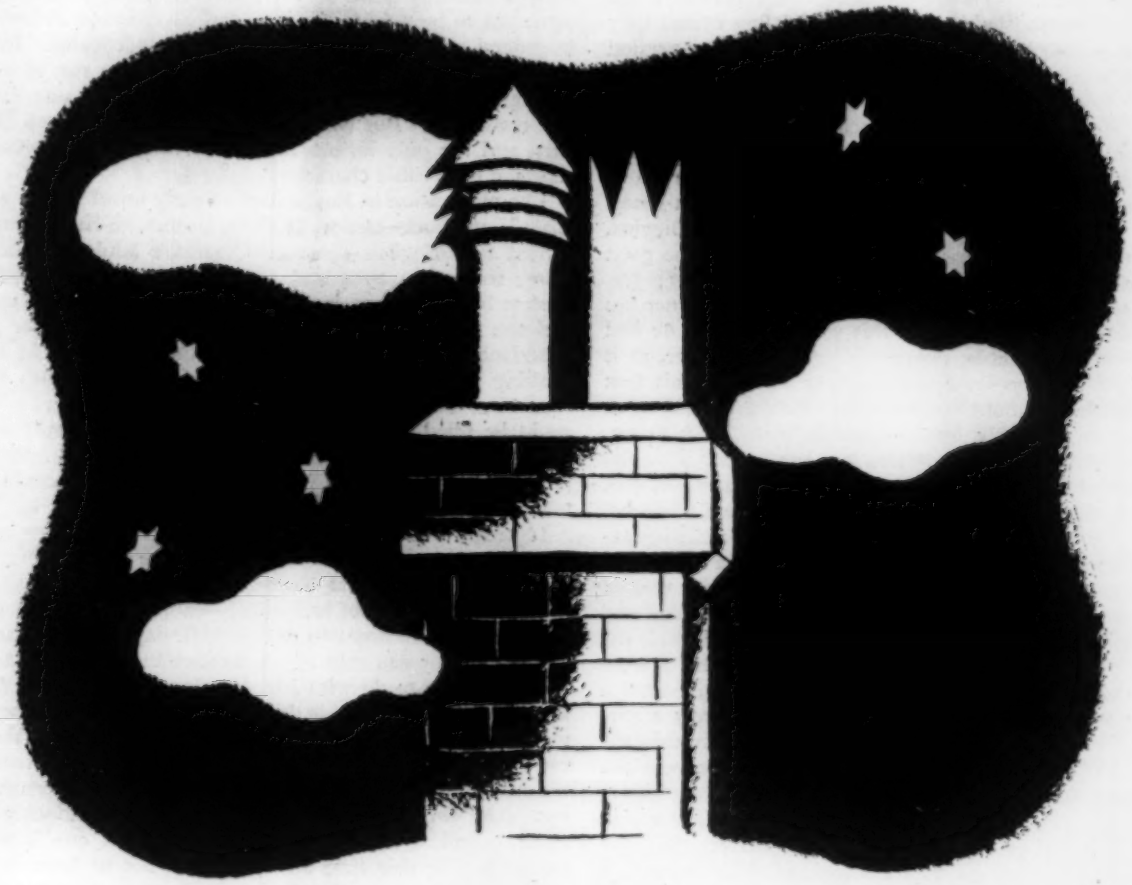

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Sam or Bill of W. W. Jacobs' Wapping. And they are as charming as they are unneurotic. To the delight of all, cockneys are cockneys even on exotic islands. The most startling events they pass off without so much as a backward glance; a milder version of the almost surrealist fierceness in *High Wind in Jamaica*. But Mr. Hockaby, though he can make Southend and Madeira sound twin isles of Cytherea, equal and entrancing, and though he can play prettily with variations on the "Girl Pat" story, is no poet. What she misses in lyrical beauty, *Shallow Brown* makes up in comedy and incident. And Tom Mansey (a little like Tom Jones, but far nicer) his little sister Violet and a certain Mrs. Biggins, their achievements and their friends are perhaps a little too good to be true, but they could hardly be more delightful.

Unless you separate the narrator from his hero, Mr. Turner has only one character to follow through this volume of the Life and Opinions of Henry Airbubble, Bohemian. All the rest are, as it were, part of the scenery—in London a lady acrobat is his first love, in Dresden his landlord had stomach trouble, he walked in Italy with two mysteriously interchangeable twins, and so on. Glistening but fragile, Henry survives his encounters with the fourth dimensional Black University. Unburst he survives, too, Mr. Turner's tendency to leave him to fend for himself while he, in his character of narrator, floats off into eloquence and disputation, swinging up and down along an arc of Mr. Dunne's serialised time. If one may identify Mr. Turner's ambition with that of his hero—to write something "nonsensical but beautiful and significant," he has succeeded, for this is lucid and beautiful, the nonsense of a man of sensibility. But he has not, as he boasted in the beginning he would, made this what the magazines call a long complete story. One feels that this book is merely a part of the way by which Henry travels from Australia towards the *tertium quid*—whatever that may be, and that both the previous volume and the volume yet to come must be read.

Mr. Robert Graves, as you probably know already, is a dab hand at writing, a real professional. His is the perfect efficiency of the house painter, painting a door and looking at the housemaid opposite, confident in his skill. His opening is brilliant; out of a sedate dissertation on the significance of philately in the nineteenth and twentieth-century British middle-class patriarchal system, he swoops suddenly down on to a particular case and is away on what turns out to be a fairly good-humoured satire on British manners in general and the Public School class in particular. In tilting at such battered windmills as these there is some risk of going right through and falling head over heels on the far side for want of any resistance. But Mr. Graves takes croppers and all in good part, and the only serious defect one can find in his book is the shortage of likeable characters.

The publication in England of an early novel by the great René Clair is an event—almost as though someone had discovered and turned into English some of Cézanne's adolescent odes. *Star Turn*, written in 1924 and published here after a very modest preface by the author, is a lively little production. It contains, in skeleton form, enough action for several films and for anyone as experienced as its brilliant young author now is, in the art of pushing ironical comedy to its last bitter page, this story of a super-film-star whose impersonations took command of his body, could be filled out to several volumes. As it stands in English, only its shortness and schematic treatment date, though it is probable that Mr. John Marks's translation into decidedly post-talkie language makes it seem more modern than it is.

It seems a pity that the short stories one wants to read so gradually and one at a time always arrive in such overwhelming numbers. Mr. William Saroyan's new stories seem to be as full of vitamins as a keg of halibut oil—enough to feed the population of Great Britain for two and a half days perhaps, and all too stimulating for one man to get through in one day. Mr. Saroyan has something to do with Mr. Hemingway's group of *fauves*, but the strongest influence in his work is of that noble and comical man Ring Lardner. Unlike most of the tough eggs, Mr. Saroyan can laugh at himself. Reading these stories is like listening in to the naturally elected raconteur of some group of tramps or sailors bumbling on, redundantly, nostalgically, tendentiously and often almost aimlessly, but infinitely fascinating if one is hearing the stories for the first time and if one has not to listen to too many at a sitting.

GRAHAM BELL

A SOLUTION?

Sweden: The Middle Way. By MARQUIS M. CHILDS. *Faber and Faber.* 10s. 6d.

This book is an attempt by an American author to show that "Sweden is almost the only country in the world in which capitalism has 'worked' during recent decades." Mr. Childs describes in readable fashion the achievements of the Consumers' Co-operatives in breaking down private monopolies, the provision of attractive housing accommodation within the means of the working classes, the inroads made by the State into industry and the experiments in social control exemplified by the liquor and tobacco monopolies.

The story is full of interesting episodes. Even lovers of Victorian economic freedom may derive some pleasure from the spectacle of the Swedish Co-operative Union, led by a first-class business man with strong social instincts, challenging and defeating the powerful trusts in margarine, flour, electric lamps and galoshes. The Tre Kronor flour mills and the Luma electric lamp plant in Stockholm are models of efficient production. Co-operative flour came on the market after 1924 at a shilling a sack below the trust price; and in 1931, when the Luma factory was being built, the international monopoly lowered its Swedish price from 1s. 6d. to 1s. 1d., only to find itself faced with a co-operative price of 11d. when the plant was ready. British consumers who are groaning under Mr. Elliot's milk regime might with profit turn their attention to the Co-operative Society which supplies three-quarters of Stockholm's dairy produce at prices which have greatly increased *per capita* consumption. Along such lines have the descendants of the Rochdale pioneers tried to save capitalism from the capitalists.

Mr. Childs' survey of "The State in Industry" leaves much to be desired. He relates how the Tobacco Monopoly was formed in order to finance an old age pensions scheme. "Even the King's brother, Prince Eugene, upon reaching the age of 67, drew his first pension payment, 10 per cent. annually of all the payments he had made to the fund." We are also given picturesque details of how the Liquor Control works and how one should behave at a Swedish dinner party. But the author seldom probes beneath the surface. There is no serious analysis of these new economic institutions and no comparisons with corresponding developments

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in other countries, for example, the public corporation in Great Britain. Mr. Childs does not even notice the apparent contradiction between the anti-monopoly activities of the Co-operative Movement and the Labour Party's policy of establishing State monopolies in coffee and petrol for the purpose of financing social services. The general reader will rejoice at the complete absence of footnotes; but, since statistics are used on almost every page, the student of the Swedish economic system will regret that he is not given the main sources. One important error must be pointed out. The Swedish Co-operative Societies embrace one-tenth of the country's total retail trade and not one-third, as stated on page 22.

A brief chapter on the recent recovery leads to the view that fortuitous external circumstances played a dominant part. In the absence of a systematic analysis of monetary and financial policy in relation to the slump and the different stages of the recovery, this conclusion cannot carry much weight.

To those who want a bright and general picture of some phases of Swedish economic life, this book may be recommended. It is not an adequate analysis of Swedish capitalism in transition. Perhaps it would be just as well, in the interests of clear thinking, if the overworked term "capitalism" were given long leave of absence from these discussions. BRINLEY THOMAS

MR. KEYNES AND LABOUR

Mr. Keynes and the Labour Movement. By A. L. ROWSE. *Macmillan.* 2s. 6d.

Mr. Rowse's pamphlet is an attempt first to present in easily intelligible form the social implications of Mr. Keynes's most recent economic doctrines, as expressed in his *General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, and secondly to argue with Mr. Keynes himself about these implications. Mr. Rowse's general contention is that Mr. Keynes is in effect saying, with a superior mastery of phrase and technical proficiency, what the Labour Movement has been saying, or trying to say, for a long time past. There is, he holds, not merely no inconsistency, but the fullest and deepest consistency, between Mr. Keynes's view of the necessity of social controls in order to enable the economic system to attain to equilibrium on a basis of "full employment," and the Labour Movement's plans for socialisation of basic services and social control over investment and production. Using for the most part Mr. Keynes's own words—for the booklet consists quite largely of quotations—Mr. Rowse wholeheartedly accepts the Keynsian thesis about savings and investment and interest rates in their relations to employment, and contrasts Mr. Keynes's practical fertility as an economist with the sterile abstractions of most of his orthodox colleagues.

Mr. Rowse, however, is not content merely to expound. He goes on to exhort Mr. Keynes to modify his ultra-rationalist view that ideas are the ultimate moving forces in social affairs, and asks him to recognise that ideas influence social conduct only as they are able to become embodied in movements based on actual interests. Mr. Keynes, he urges, has the right ideas, but has failed to understand that they will not be acted upon unless they can become identified with a positive force capable of pushing them home. In other words, the predestined "body" for Mr. Keynes's mind is the Labour Movement; and just as Labour needs Mr. Keynes to provide it with a well-planned policy, so Mr. Keynes needs the Labour Movement to stop him from chasing his own tail.

Mr. Rowse writes interestingly, especially in his closing criticism of Mr. Keynes's intellectualist isolation. He quotes effectively, and summarises the less technical points of Mr. Keynes's theory in a competent way. The only pity is that his sixty-odd pages cost half as much as Mr. Keynes's several hundreds. It would have been better if his work, evidently intended for a wide public, had been published in pamphlet form at a shilling instead of being put into cloth covers at half-a-crown.

SHORTER NOTICES

Father Struck It Rich. By EVALYN WALSH MCLEAN and BOYDEN SPARKES. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

This is the autobiography of an American lady whose father struck gold in Colorado and for his luck in finding it was rewarded by a grateful society with millions of dollars a year. She, in consequence, was translated from a humble sphere and became a major star in the American aristocracy. She married the son of a millionaire newspaper owner, and led with him a life as expensive and as vulgar as it was aimless and unhappy. Drink, drugs, and diamonds were at different times among her chief preoccupations, but she assures us in her Preface that she frequently performs very kind actions. And the book ends with the declaration that she is so bringing up her children that they will not wreck their lives as their father, and to some extent their mother, have done. The book is not ill-written, but it is incomparably less amusing and enlightening than the memoirs of Mrs. Harry Lehr. The facts it contains, however, should convince everyone that the present economic system is not only too unjust but too ridiculous to be endured.

No End of a Rogue. By FRANK A. CLEMENT. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Clement's first crime story, *Picture Him Dead*, met with a certain success although it fell between the stools of detection and thrills. *No End of a Rogue* is a second venture in this difficult field: the crime being subordinated to the plot and the plot being an excuse for attractive portraiture. Sir Archibald Albutt, almost the only unattractive character in the book, is soon put to death. This eminent financier had burnt his fingers in a business deal. After merging successfully time after time, he merged once too often, when he found that the group of chain stores he had amalgamated could not be run at a profit unless William Fontaine agreed to sell his rival group of chain stores. William, however, ran his stores on humanitarian lines and refused to hand them over to the soulless combine at any price. *At any price!* Yes, that looked awkward for William after Albutt was killed in his office, for William had just left the place after a stormy interview. But, of course, none of his friends nor even Scotland Yard could really suspect William, who was not only the soul of honour in business but charming in private life. Mr. Clement vividly describes high society, and the better part of the book is devoted to confabulations among the aristocracy, who are horrified by the innuendoes in the Yellow Press about William's presence at the scene of crime. The mystery of Sir Archibald's death is tactfully solved by Scotland Yard, but it is less for the solution that one should read the book than for its sympathetic characters and rattling dialogue.

The Adventures of Alcassim. An Iranian Entertainment. By W. BASHYR PICKARD. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

The translation of Oriental phraseology into correspondingly flowery English is a temptation to the writer with an Oriental theme, but Mr. Pickard does not fall into it. Out of a long association with Persian thought and writings, which is evident here, he has compressed into the adventures of Alcassim, the potter's son of Ardeb, much wisdom entertainingly disguised in the stories Alcassim hears from Li No

"Dear Sir,

My fiancé has almost every merit a girl can look for, but, alas! his chin is worse than a nutmeg-grater. Well, I mean it looks like a nutmeg-grater but feels worse. Can you suggest any remedy, short of breaking our engagement?

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GARRICK. Storm in a Teacup. Wed., Th., Sat.

GLOBE. "Call It a Day." Wed. & Sats.

LYRIC. Charles the King. Thurs., Sats.

PALACE. This'll Make You Whistle. W., S.

PLAYHOUSE. Whiteoaks. Wed., Th., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Jane Eyre. Wed. & Sat.

ROYALTY. Marigold. Wed., Thurs., Sat.

ST. JAMES'. 'Pride & Prejudice.' Wed., Sat.

SAVILLE. Over She Goes. Wed. & Sat.

STRAND. Aren't Men Beasts! Wed., Thurs.

WHITEHALL. Anthony & Anna. W. & S.

WYNDHAM'S. "Mademoiselle." Wed., Sat.

THEATRES

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The Composite Man. By Ronald Jeans.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of The Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, J. Baxter Somerville, Messrs. Baxter & Co., 12 Victoria St., London, S.W.1. WHI 6407.*

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Snow Structure and Ski Fields. By G. SELIGMAN. 370 Illustrations. *Macmillan.* 25s. net.

This extremely thorough and conscientious book represents the accumulated experience of a long Alpine career. Mr. Seligman does not pretend to have exorcised the perils of the mountains, nor even to have diminished them for his readers. The facts about avalanches that a skier ought to know are indeed few and simple, and once caught in an avalanche the most learned snow expert is unlikely to fare better than an ignoramus. The interest of the book is scientific rather than practical. Its value is also historical. Many of the classic avalanches, the great Wengen avalanche of 1931, for example, and the Big Derby Schuss avalanche of 1934, are treated in great detail. One sinister fact becomes apparent: the best snow for ski-ing on is also the most likely to avalanche. Happily there is one factor that tends to assure the safety of British skiers. They seldom break new ground, preferring to run in vast hordes on the same beaten racing track. This does not altogether eliminate the danger of avalanches, which may fall upon them from the side. But heavy traffic welds together in a very short space of time even the most unstable covering of snow, and if any skier does happen to get caught there are two or three hundred others ready to pull him out.

Tamerlane or Timur, The Great Amir. Translated by J. H. SANDERS, from the Arabic Life by Ahmed Ibn Arabshah. *Luzac.* 12s. 6d.

Save for its brief introduction, in which Mr. Sanders summarises Timur's ability and character far more unfavourably than the stories that follow warrant, this brilliant translation must be accorded the highest praise. None, of course, but an Arabic scholar who knows the original can guarantee the translator's textual fidelity, but no reader will question the high literary value of the rendering. Here is the authentic East, with its colour and its imagery, its philosophy and its humour rendered into an English that smacks of the Song of Solomon, the Book of Kings and the Rubáiyát of Omar. Here we see Timur as a contemporary saw him and cursed him, yet wrote of him with a generosity that shows the terror of his world as something more and bigger than a mere conqueror, a lover of learning and of beauty and on occasion a fosterer of both.

Leaves from the Jungle: Life in a Gond Village. By VERRIER ELWIN. *Murray.* 9s.

Years ago Mr. Elwin went from Oxford to live a life of Franciscan poverty in India, where after a time he founded the Gond Seva Mandal (Society for the Service of the Gonds) and in a village near the tail of the Narbada River, established an ashram (headquarters) from which and of which and of his great protégés and friends he writes so fully, so wisely and so wittily, that we know them more intimately and more thoroughly, as we laugh with them and at them, than any primitive people that have been shown to us in books. Mr. Elwin's ashram, with its chapel and dispensary, its school and its rest-house and its leper colony, is built in the Gond manner, but with little details of sanitation, etc., that the Gonds have overlooked, and with flowers everywhere where flowers will grow. Here where all creeds are honoured and Christianity is practised rather than preached, Mr. Elwin and his Indian friends live and work.

Trial and Error. By A. J. LOUGHBOROUGH BALL. *Faber and Faber* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Ball was assessor to the insurance companies against whom a claim was lodged by Camillo Capsoni in 1930 for losses during an Oxford Street fire. Three years later he was arrested, was tried with a number of other alleged "conspirators" and received a sentence of three years' penal servitude—the case will probably be remembered chiefly in association with the name of Leopold Harris. He has written this book partly to prove himself an innocent victim of English justice, partly "to open the eyes of the average man to the danger which he too may some day be called upon to face." The two appeals, personal and social, are unhappy bookmates: Mr. Ball's personal case is of too complicated and specialist a nature to be particularly interesting to the average man; his knowledge is too slight to enable him to deal authoritatively with the social aspects. The middle of the book deserts the issue of justice and recounts the author's by no means novel experiences in prison. In this section he is at times naive as only an apparently clever man, thrown off the rails on which Big Business compels him to run for most of his waking hours, could be. His remarks on advisable prison reform and his doggerel verses on the food are essentially of the same rather innocent order.

Week-end Competitions

No. 345

Set by Catherine Carswell

The B.B.C. lately invited well-known people to write their own obituary notices. THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION invites readers to write the inscriptions they would desire to see upon their own tombstones. If they like they can indicate in addition what form they would like the monument to take—regardless of expense. The usual prizes are offered for the best entries.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 30th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 343

Set by V. Sackville West

A first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the most typically inane after-dinner conversation between four hotel-guests who have scraped acquaintance during the day and who are now enjoying their coffee in the lounge. Their topics may be chosen according to the taste of the competitor, but should include at least two of the following:

Comparisons of travel experience (Taormina, Luxor, etc.).
Politics.
The B.B.C.
Royalties (the snob kind, not the literary).
Fashions.
The Loch Ness monster.
English *v.* foreign hotels, with especial reference to food.
Psycho-analysis.

Competitors are limited to 400 words.

Report by V. Sackville West

Entries were remarkable for their quantity rather than their quality. All the competitors had understood and fulfilled the conditions, but somehow the result was not as amusing as might have been hoped. No real gem of inanity was produced, though I liked some isolated remarks. Thus, I. M. H. Rogers' "I thought the people one met in Taormina were very queer. I don't mean the English, of course, but the natives—though now I come to think of it, some of the English were rather queer, too." And one of "Wallace's" characters on Hitler, "He's rather sweet with children, too." And W. Durrell's, "After all, we've always had capitalists, and where would the working man be without capitalists? No money, no work, that's what I always say." And R. E. M.'s spinster, "I always think petrol *so* important." And A. K. Milne's Mrs. B. who had "once seen the Duke of Connaught at Bath. He was sitting in a closed car and the chauffeur was just shutting the door." And perhaps, above all, M. T. Allan's Colonel who "had a sister-in-law who used to faint at the sight of a cabbage. She went to one of those fellows (psycho-analysts) and he found out that the reason she fainted was because she didn't love her husband. She divorced him, and now she finds cabbages have no effect on her at all."

But unfortunately, no competitor was able to sustain this level. Even L. V. Upward, who began well, tailed off towards the end. It has been difficult to decide the winners, but on the whole I think the first prize must go to Grace Jeff, and the second to L. G. Large.

FIRST PRIZE

LOUNGE OF THE WALLINGHAM COURT HOTEL

Colonel Boomerang (having just discovered that Mrs. Smiley has lived in India). Where were you stationed?

Mrs. Smiley. In Calcutta. Mr. Smiley travelled for an important Calcutta firm.

Colonel Boomerang (realising that Smiley, deceased, was merely a "boxwallah"). Hm-m-m.

Mrs. Smiley (condescendingly). You have never been out East, Mrs. Mugsett?

Mrs. Mugsett. That I have. Mr. Mugsett took me a Round-the-World Cruise on a luxury liner. We called at several Indian ports.

Mrs. Smiley. Then you had just a glimpse of the glamorous East?

Mrs. Mugsett. Oh we never went ashore. It was a cruise specially intended for serious bridge-players. We played all day.

Mrs. Rushitt. I guess that was a pity. You might 'a got a heap of picture postcards going around.

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RADLETT. Well-furnished house, 10 mins. station and shops, quiet situation. 2 recep. rooms, 3 bedrms., kitchen, bath, garage, garden, kit.-garden; gas, electricity. 4½ guineas. "Alvamay," Beech Avenue, Radlett.

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COTTAGE, furnished, near Whipsnade. Secluded, own water, electric light, 3 bedrooms, 25s. per week. Apply 24, Wharton Street, W.C.1. Terminus 4606.

HAMPSTEAD. To let, furnished, spacious flat, dining, large sitting-room, 3 bedrooms, bathroom, constant h.w., c.h., telephone, from Dec.–Jan. 5/6 months. Moderate rent. Apply, FITZGERALD, 49 Maresfield Gardens, N.W.3.

THOSE desiring UNFURNISHED ROOMS in Hampstead, own decorating, reasonable rents, in quiet house with garden, some with coal fires, please write Box 436, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. One Attic Flat.

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Applications, accompanied by three recent testimonials to be made in the applicant's own handwriting, endorsed "Chief Assistant," should reach THE SECRETARY, Education Office, County Hall, Ipswich, not later than 7th November, 1936.

SHREWSBURY SCHOOL MISSION,
LIVERPOOL (EVERTON).
Vacancy for Resident Missioner (C. of E.) in Liverpool. Some experience of boys' club work necessary. Preference for applicant in Holy Orders, but not essential. Applications to be received by November 15th on printed form (containing further details) obtainable from Hon. Sec., Shrewsbury School Mission, School House, Shrewsbury.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY. Youth Hostels Association, Welwyn Garden City. Salary, £200-£250 according to qualifications. Ability in speaking and organising; knowledge of languages important. Applicants should state age, experience, and give references to YOUTH HOSTELS ASSOCIATION, 18 Bridge Road, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

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CHILD TRAINING

Dr. Susan Isaacs will give the first two lectures (and not the last two as previously announced) of this series of eight on **Tuesdays, October 27th and November 3rd, at 5.45 p.m.** at
THE INSTITUTE OF MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY,
MALET PLACE, W.C.1.
FEE for the Course £1 1s. A few single tickets at 5/- may be available. Tickets in advance from the Educational Secretary at the Institute.

For cleaning Silver Electro Plate &c.
"Goddard's" Plate Powder 6d 1/- & 2/-
Liquid Polish 9d & 1/3

Mrs. Mugsett. Oh, all the views could be purchased on board.

Mrs. Rushitt. I did India last fall. They took me some place at Bombay I figured was the Taj Mahal. But it seemed like it was only the Taj Mahal Hotel. I saw the genuine article later and I guess it wasn't nearly as big. But gee! the gems in it was the Cat's Whiskers! I figured they cost a million dollars, but the black guide couldn't say, or maybe I couldn't get his lingo.

Mrs. Smiley (rapturously). The Taj by moonlight! all white and shiny! And such a lot of work in it!

Colonel Boomerang (as if he owned it). Damned fine sight, the Taj. Can still show you Americans a thing or two in India, what? Soon won't be worth going there—all run by damned natives. All owing to this damned Government. Call themselves a National Government! They're downright Socialists!

Mrs. Rushitt. We Americans reckon you're doing a fool thing handing India over to the blacks.

Mrs. Mugsett. I don't worry about India. Look how the Upper Classes are being ruined here to pay for all these doles. I little thought *I* should come down to a private hotel.

Mrs. Smiley. We're all becoming democratic these days. I saw a piece in the paper where the Duchess of York bought a pincushion at a bazaar, and a little later the wrapping came off, and before anyone could assist her Her Royal Highness tied it up again herself!

Mrs. Rushitt. Gee! ain't your Royalties just vonderful!

GRACE JEFF

We regret there is not room to print the Second Prize. Will E. Chick, Dr. M. Martin, and P. Wain please send their addresses?

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 199.—HOWGEGO

"When I came to this school" said Glowering, the recently appointed Head of Howgego, "I thought life was going to be simple. I am cursed with a poor memory, as you know. Judge of my delight when I found that the school has seven houses—Blenkinsop, Brown, Dickory, Hickory, Jones, Smith and Snooks—and that the seven house-masters have those identical seven names."

"And your delight turned to ashes in your mouth" said I, "when you found that not one of them bears the same name as his house?"

Glowering stared at me. "How on earth did you know that?"

"I study the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION," said I, primly. "Pray continue your narrative."

"It's not a narrative," said Glowering, suiting the action to his name. "It's a problem. You have to discover who is the house-master of each house. And here"—he produced his note-book—"are the data:

"All the house-masters are married, with the exception of Jones and Brown. Brown (the house) is in the charge of the master whose name is the same as the name of Mr. Hickory's house. The matron at Dickory is engaged to the house-master. The house which has the same name as the house-master of Smith (the house) is in the charge of the namesake of the house which is ruled by Mr. Dickory. This chap, by the way (the namesake of Mr. Dickory's house, I mean) is married. And his wife's sister is married to the house-master of Hickory."

"Do I have to do it in my head?" I asked.

"If you like," said Glowering. "You wouldn't be the first. And, I say, I've overlooked one clue. The three houses which have trisyllabic names are all in the charge of house-masters whose names are monosyllables."

What is the answer to Glowering's problem?

PROBLEM 197.—THE ABECEDARIAN LEAGUE
By W. F. LUCKETT

Mr. Luckett's problem is a good one, and several competitors have praised it, but he has not avoided the pitfall of "cooks." Four solutions appear to comply with the data. This is the composer's:

Team	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	W.	D.	L.	F.	A.	Pts.
A	—	0–0	1–0	0–1	2–0	2–0	0–1	3	1	2	5	2	7
B	0–0	—	0–0	0–1	1–0	0–0	1–0	2	3	1	2	1	7
C	0–1	0–0	—	0–1	0–0	1–0	2–0	2	2	2	3	2	6
D	1–0	1–0	1–0	—	0–1	0–1	0–1	3	0	3	3	3	6
E	0–2	0–1	0–0	1–0	—	1–0	0–0	2	2	2	2	3	6
F	0–2	0–0	0–1	1–0	0–1	—	2–0	2	1	3	3	4	5
G	1–0	0–1	0–2	1–0	0–0	0–2	—	2	1	3	2	5	5

But these variants also meet the conditions of the problem:

Solution (2). A beats F 1–0; D beats B 2–0.

Solution (3). A beats E 1–0; D beats B 2–0.

Solution (4). A beats E 1–0 and F 1–0; D beats B 2–0; C beats F 2–0.

Each solution is submitted by a number of competitors; several have discovered all four.

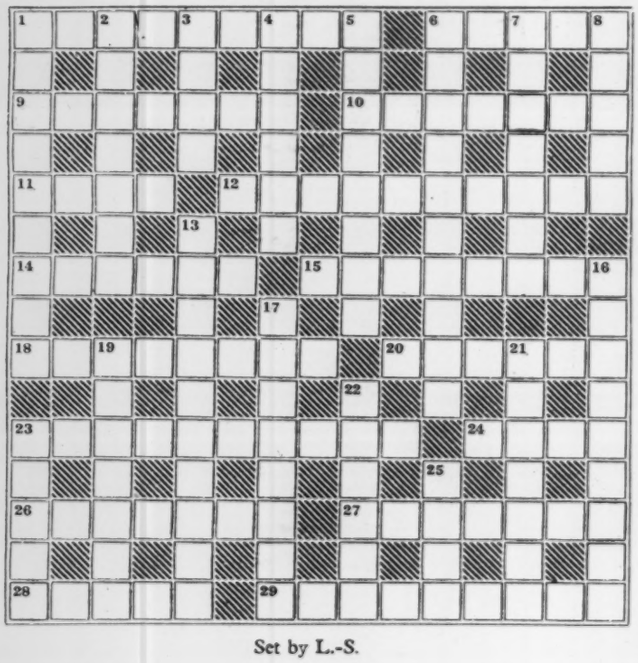
PROBLEM 196.—A SCRAP OF PAPER

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: W. S. Barrett, Christ Church, Oxford.

Five points are awarded.

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 346

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Dorothy Balding, 61 Vineyard Hill Rd., Wimbledon Park, S.W.19.

ACROSS

1. Bird for a hunter to jump at.
6. Note this for literal use.
9. Suitable divergent appearance of the returned holiday maker.
10. Not an introspective man.
11. Should have a financial meeting.
12. Such players always have a backing.
14. Leave your headgear on the hill.
15. Situation when my lord dies without an heir.
18. Result of good timing.
20. Totalisator at a Welsh meeting?
23. Suitable wear for an unbending man.
24. Part of one's feet chiropodists treat artistically.
26. States one's condition.
27. Eve & I form a mathematical combination with the R.N.R.
28. For example, lie round the city in a feudal manner.
29. Original boat models.

DOWN

1. Sort of drink you'd get at a milk bar dance?
2. Reverse of stroked down by the drawer.
3. The charge is a pound apparently.
4. It rises in the mid-day.
5. 880 yards race for all comers?
6. Evidence that's always taken in camera.
7. A drop I've taken to get ready.
8. Charges for speed?
13. It has a stamp duty for its correspondence course.
16. Crooked people in the woollen industry?
17. Alternative to putting up the money presumably.
19. I take some after refusing it seems.
21. A camper perhaps.
22. A shade more crimson than the "Pink 'un."
23. A budding protector.
25. Lovely as he is, he has a sore back.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	S	P	E	C	T	A	C	L	E	C	A	S	E	■
N	■	L	■	H	■	V	■	A	■	O	■	E	■	C
U	S	A	G	E	■	E	S	P	E	R	A	N	T	O
R	■	N	■	R	■	N	■	D	■	R	■	S	■	F
S	E	E	K	I	N	G	■	O	N	E	S	E	L	F
I	■	T	■	S	■	E	■	G	■	C	■	■	■	E
N	O	R	T	H	E	R	■	S	E	T	F	I	R	E
G	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	N	■	G
S	T	E	A	M	E	R	■	C	R	E	A	T	O	R
I	■	■	■	I	■	I	■	U	■	M	■	H	■	O
S	E	C	O	N	D	S	■	T	A	B	L	E	A	U
T	■	A	■	I	■	I	■	L	■	R	■	S	■	N
E	S	T	I	M	A	B	L	E	■	A	L	O	U	D
R	■	C	■	U	■	L	■	T	■	C	■	U	■	S
■	C	H	I	M	N	E	Y	S	W	E	E	P	S	■

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Course of Three Lectures entitled "DE GOETHE À NIETZSCHE" will be given (in French) by PROF. H. LICHTENBERGER (Honorary Professor of German Literature at the Sorbonne) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1), on OCTOBER 27th, 29th and 30th, at 5.30 p.m. At the First Lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. L. A. Willoughby, D.Lit., Ph.D., M.A., Professor of German in the University.

The Creighton Lecture entitled "HISTORY IN THE MAKING" will be given by SIR CHARLES R. PEERS, C.B.E., Litt.D., D.Lit., F.B.A., at the NEW BUILDINGS OF THE UNIVERSITY (entrance from Montague Place, W.C.1), on THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29th, at 5.30 p.m. The Chair will be taken by Sir George Hill, K.C.B., Litt.D., LL.D., F.B.A., late Director of the British Museum.

ADMISSION FREE, WITHOUT TICKET.

NOTICE OF POSTPONEMENT.

The lecture on "HUNGARIAN CUSTOMARY LAW IN COMPARISON WITH ENGLISH CASE-LAW," arranged to be given by PROF. CHARLES SZLADITS at the London School of Economics on October 28th HAS BEEN POSTPONED.

S. J. WORSLEY,
Academic Registrar.

F.P.S.I. Public Lecture by NORMAN HAIRE on "THE SPREAD OF SEXUAL ENLIGHTENMENT." Chairman, A. A. Burall, at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, on Wednesday, October 28th, at 8 p.m. Tickets: Members, 6d., non-members, 1s.; from SECRETARY, Federation of Progressive Societies, 475 Oxford Street, W.1. (MAY 3110) or at door.

F.P.S.I., PHILOSOPHY GROUP. LAURENCE BRADSHAW on "THE PSYCHOLOGICAL IMPLICATIONS OF THEORY AND PRACTICE," Conway Hall, Monday, Oct. 26th, at 7.30. Visitors welcome.

ISRAEL COHEN will speak on
"THE SITUATION IN PALESTINE,"
at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn,
On Tuesday, October 27th, at 7 p.m.
ADMISSION FREE.

GUILDHOUSE, Eccleston Square, S.W.1. Sunday, October 25th. At 6.30, DR. MAUDE ROYDEN on "HONESTY IN RELIGION."

CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, Holborn.—Sunday, October 25th, at 11 a.m.: W. B. CURRY, M.A., B.Sc.: "WAR, SADISM AND EDUCATION," 6.30 p.m. Concert Chamber Music. Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, October 25th, at 11, H. J. BLACKHAM: "THE LIFE OF REASON." 6.30, H. L. BEALES, M.A.: "LIBERTY UNDER INDUSTRIALISM."

HOW CAN WE PREVENT WAR?
A debate between a Pacifist and a Communist.
N. L. SPOTTISWOODE (Peace Pledge Union) PAT SLOAN (Communist Party)
8 p.m., Monday, Nov. 2nd at Bogey's Bar, Southampton Row, W.C.1. First of a series of meetings organised by NEW BOOKS, 4 Parton St., Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Cha 7919.

COMMITTEE AGAINST MALNUTRITION. Public meeting 8 p.m., Nov. 5th, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Speakers include: H. MACMILLAN, M.P., Dr. T. O. GARLAND, Dr. M. RADFORD. Nutrition Film. Tickets 6d. & 1s. Sec., 19c Eagle St., W.C.1. (CHA 7567).

CONFERENCE

F.P.S.I.

Week-end Conference on a
POPULAR FRONT FOR BRITAIN

The F.P.S.I. is holding its Autumn Conference at Digswell Park, Welwyn Garden City, on "A POPULAR FRONT FOR BRITAIN."

Programme:

Sat., Nov. 7th, at 8 p.m.: HARRY POLLITT on "THE COMMUNISTS AND A POPULAR FRONT."

Sun., Nov. 8th, at 11 p.m.: J. V. DELAHAYE on "THE CASE FOR A POPULAR FRONT." (Colonel Delahaye will describe the work of the Popular Front Propaganda Committee.)

Sun., Nov. 8th, at 5 p.m.: BARBARA WOOTTON on "THE POPULAR BASIS OF THE POPULAR FRONT."

Sun., Nov. 8th, at 8 p.m.: H. N. BRAILSFORD on "THE INTERNATIONAL PROGRAMME OF A POPULAR FRONT."

Inclusive Fees—Sat. tea to Monday breakfast: Members 18s., Non-members 21s. Single room 1s. per night extra. Please remit the full fee to HON. SEC., FEDERATION OF PROGRESSIVE SOCIETIES, 475 Oxford St., W.1. (May 3110.) Early application necessary to avoid disappointment.

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SCHOOLS—continued

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE COMING BOOM—OIL SHARES IN LONDON—AND IN NEW YORK —MR. MAXWELL AND GAUMONT-BRITISH

EVERYONE in the City has cause to be pleased with the Stock Exchange, except the underwriters and "stags" of the recent 3 per cent. Corporation Loans—Manchester, Bristol and Dumfries—which have gone to a discount. There is no reason why the gilt-edged market should feel sulky and depressed at the boom which is developing in equity shares. Sometime, as I have personally informed Mr. Neville Chamberlain, it may be necessary to put the money brakes on the boom, but it is far too early to take any action. I see that a clever article in this week's *Economist*, written, I imagine, by some young spoil-sport blessed with more imagination than investments, is inviting our attention to the dangerous possibilities of boom and collapse some time between 1938 and 1939. By all means let us talk about it over the fireside, but in the daytime let us act upon the assumptions that company earnings will have risen in most of our industries in 1936/37 and that the United States is behind our position in the ascending half of the trade cycle. Shrewd investors like Sir Henry Strakosch and his Union Corporation group believe that profitable investments can still be made, for they are raising £300,000 new cash out of the attractive issue this week of £800,000 3½ per cent. convertible debentures of the Bay Hall Trust. Sir Henry wisely acts while the newspaper of which he is a director talks.

* * *

The oil share market in London has been enjoying boom conditions. Yet in America, where they ought to know more about conditions in this industry, oil shares have been comparatively quiet. Shell Transport, which I have persistently recommended from 2-13/16 upwards, have now touched £6. Anglo-Iranian, not long ago the market laggard, are now being strongly bought at £5 in anticipation of a 20 per cent. dividend for 1936 and a bonus share distribution. Burmah Oil, a large holder of Anglo-Iranian, have followed the rise but slowly and are still the cheapest share on the basis of estimated yields. Trinidad Leaseholds, having pleased the bulls by making an issue of shares on excellent bonus terms, have reached a new high level. In this hectic boom little is heard of oil economics or of the possibility of Burmah Oil and Anglo-Iranian running up against competition in the Far East from the new supply of oil developed by the Standard Oil of California in the Persian Gulf. The following table gives the present market prices and yields on estimated dividends of these shares:

	Prices					Gross
	Lowest 1936.	23 Sept. 1936.	Present.	1935 Divs.%	1936 Estd. Divs.%	Yield % on Estimated Dividends.
Anglo-Iranian ..	3 7/16	4 3/8	5	15	17½	£4 0 0
Burmah Oil ..	4 1/16	5 1/8	5 3/16	20	22½	£4 15 3*
Shell Transport	4 3/32	5 11/16	6	17½ tax free	20 tax free	£4 7 9
Trinidad Leaseholds	4 5/16	5 11/16	5 23/32‡	25†	25†	£4 11 3

* Allowing for tax at 3/3 in £. † Year ending June 30th. ‡ Cum bonus of one new share in four at 75/-.

In spite of the jump in market prices which has occurred since the devaluation of the gold bloc the yields on these oil shares compare not unfavourably with the yields on our leading industrial shares.

* * *

Some investors are nevertheless exchanging from British oil shares to American, which they consider have lagged behind. Shell Union has long been one of my recommendations, and in April last, when the common shares were quoted at 17¾, I said it would not be surprising to see their earnings advance to $1.20 per share for 1936. The third quarter's earnings, showing a rise in net profits of nearly 100%, indicate that earnings for the full year, after allowing for the regular preferred dividends, may reach $1.50 per share, so that although the shares have risen to 26¼, I do not think they should be sold. Dividends on the common shares may be resumed in 1937, if the arrears of the preferred dividends are paid off at the end of the year. The Roosevelt taxation law will probably force the American oil companies, in particular the Standard Oil group, to pay out higher dividends this year. Here are the latest estimates of earnings together with present market prices and yields:

	1936 Lowest Price.	Present Price.	1935 Dividends.	Est. 1936 Earnings.	Est. Earnings Yields %.
Continental Oil	28⅛	35	$1.00	$2.00	5.71
Humble Oil	57	67	1.00	4.00	5.97
Shell Union	14¾	26¼	Nil	1.50	5.71
Standard Oil of New Jersey	51⅛	67	1.25	4.00	5.97
Standard Oil of Indiana ..	32⅜	39¾	1.00	3.00	7.55
Standard Oil of California	35	39⅞	1.00	1.75	4.39
Socony-Vacuum ..	12½	16⅝	0.20	1.30	7.70
Texas	28⅞	45	1.00	4.00	8.89

As estimated earnings' yields on American oil shares may reasonably be compared with estimated dividend yields on British oil shares (the British companies generally distributing their disclosed earnings up to the hilt) it will be conceded that the American list is more attractive than the British. On an earnings' yield basis Texas comes out on top of the Americans, but this is an "independent" oil company and some investors feel safer in the Standard Oil group. Of the latter Socony-Vacuum and Standard Oil of Indiana appear attractive. I hear that the special selling which has been holding back Socony-Vacuum has come to an end. Both these shares are rather more speculative than Standard Oil of New Jersey and Humble Oil.

* * *

I wonder whether Mr. Maxwell, chairman of Associated British Picture Corporation, has bitten off more than he can chew in buying control of Gaumont-British? He may have acquired in the first instance a lawsuit. It was reported in July that the Ostrer brothers were selling part of their interests in the Metropolis and Bradford Trust, which controls Gaumont-British, to the American film combines, Twentieth Century-Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (Loews). I mentioned in this column at the time that a film deal was as uncertain as a Hollywood marriage and that it would be unwise to follow the rise in Gaumont-British ordinary shares. Mr. Maxwell stepped in, as we were informed, in order to prevent control of Gaumont-British passing into foreign hands, but, film drama apart, I cannot see why the Ostrer brothers should sell to Mr. Maxwell unless he offered a better price. The lawyers of the American film combines are now considering whether the Ostrer brothers really committed themselves to a deal with Twentieth Century-Fox and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Even if a lawsuit is avoided, Mr. Maxwell cannot expect great friendliness from the big American film producers. It may be his intention, now that he has under one control the Gaumont-British circuit of over 380 cinemas and the Associated British circuit of 300 cinemas, to fight the American combines over the price to be paid for American films. The Hollywood companies certainly had it in their power to hold British cinemas up to ransom, but if Mr. Maxwell imagines that he will be able to dictate to the Americans what price he will pay in future for their films, he may run up against a Hollywood boycott of his cinemas. After all, the British filmgoer wants to see the best films and if only the second best are shown he will stay away.

* * *

Even if open hostility between Mr. Maxwell and America is avoided there is nothing to prevent the American film combines building up a rival circuit in Great Britain. Already the United Artists group has acquired a half-interest in the Odeon circuit of cinemas. I cannot interpret Mr. Maxwell's move, therefore, as a bull point either for Gaumont-British shareholders or for those of the Associated British Picture. No doubt Mr. Maxwell will use the economy axe freely in the Gaumont-British offices and conserve their financial resources. But his first act has been to pass the dividend on the Gaumont-British ordinary shares, for which the holders of Gaumont-British debenture stock must be profoundly grateful, and shareholders of Associated British Picture must remember that the Gaumont-British control has to be paid for. The Ostrer brothers held 250,000 "B" shares and 5,100 out of the 10,000 "A" voting shares in the Metropolis and Bradford Trust. As a first step Mr. Maxwell has bought the "B" shares for £350,000 in cash and 300,000 ordinary shares of Associated British Picture now quoted at about 18/- (total £620,000). The "A" voting shares have not yet been transferred, but the cost is understood to be approximately £800,000. Thus, Mr. Maxwell will pay the Ostrer brothers in cash and shares £1,420,000 for their interests in the Metropolis and Bradford Trust, representing one-quarter of the Trust's assets. Now, one-quarter of 2,915,000 Gaumont-British shares held by the Trust is 728,750, so that Mr. Maxwell is paying £1 18*s.* for a Gaumont-British share which is valued in the market at 9*s.* 6*d.*

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